

HUMAN NATURE:

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TIME AND ETERNITY—SPACE AND INFINITY.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

WE have said that Eternity is an everlasting *Now*, and Infinity an all-present *Here*. They are so, however, only to him who is omnipresent and eternal. By no being of inferior attributes can they be so cognised as an experience of the consciousness. Thus, for example, we apprehend eternity as time, and infinity as space; in other words, these are the aspects of the infinite as apprehended by the finite. From this statement it must be at once obvious that eternity (as to duration) and infinity (as to extension) are, the one as much as the other, above and beyond us. All deep thinkers admit this as to eternity, but they do not seem to so vividly realise it as to infinity. They confess that by no amount of experience as to life conditioned by time, could we even approximately realise the consciousness of being essentially eternal—the two states being fundamentally diverse. They know that a temporal existence means much else as its unavoidable corollary. There is an apparently objective by environment composed of phenomena, subject to the law of sequence, and so in unresting procession, where everything is past or future, gone or to come, except that evershifting and momentary revelation of the infinitesimal fraction, even of the timesphere, which we term the present. They know, moreover, that in this phenomenal timesphere, we are on the material plane of effects, whose causes, in the deep and true, that is the metaphysical meaning of the term, are hopelessly hidden from our sensuous perception. They also know that in this timesphere we see not "the eternal veracities," but only their symbols; not the everlasting reality of things, but only their evershifting and perishing shadows—their *phenomena* as we Hellenically phrase it, as if to hide from our-

selves the mortifying truth, that we live here confessedly only amidst *appearances*. Thus then it is that no well-trained thinker ever confounds temporal with eternal life, or vainly supposes that by any prolongation of the former we could realise the latter.

But we fear it is somewhat otherwise as to infinity, which even deep thinkers are prone to confound with that (stellar) *space*, into which we corporeally gaze, when looking up into the "blue inane" of day, or the ebon, yet golden-fretted dome of night. Even in comparatively correct language, that used in the best society, we are then said to be looking out into "infinite space"—a term as self-contradictory as infinite time. The mere fact that we thus cognise it through the senses affords adequate assurance that we do not, because we could not thus apprehend the veritable infinite. That is not, under any possible circumstances, or on any conceivable condition, a matter for *physical* perception, which, as the function of a *material* body, is of necessity limited in its range to the simply phenomenal sphere (of appearances), the noumenal sphere (of reality) being altogether above and beyond it. In truth, it matters not whether you cognise this "space" through vision, as to its larger extents, or through touch and motion, or shall we say feeling, as to its smaller—the **THING** is the same, that is, appropriate subject matter for *sensuous* cognition. Moreover, this "space," which we so foolishly call infinite, is divisible into "parts." Thus the Solar System occupies one part of it, and the system of Sirius or Aldebaran another. And as a result of this, all things conditioned by "space" are subject to the law of *place*, they hold certain relationships of *position* to each other, which are direct and unmistakable evidences of finity, that is of spatial limitation, precisely as all temporal events hold certain relationships of *succession* to each other, the evidence of their subjection to the law of sequence and the limitations of time.

What, then, is the conclusion to which we would lead the reader by these remarks? Why that (visible) space is no more infinity than time is eternity, and consequently, that ideas derived from or arguments based upon the supposed infinity of *objective* extension, rest on a fallacy none the less hollow for its plausibility or its almost universal acceptance.

After perusing the foregoing, the reader will be at no loss to understand that we object to the phraseology employed by Locke and his followers when they speak of every part of the infinity of extension, existing in every part of the infinity of duration; and conversely, of every part of the infinity of duration, existing in every part of the infinity of expansion. Strictly and literally, infinity and eternity have no *parts*. They are essentially indivisible integers—wholes unsusceptible of partition. The infinite

is the all one—the divine unity—the spherul monad of universal being.

If disposed to be hypercritical, we might even declare that the phraseology here employed is otherwise objectionable, the terms duration and expansion or extension, being inapplicable respectively to eternity and infinity, the former involving the idea of procession and the latter of enlargement, both radically false—eternity not admitting of procession, which implies sequence, and infinity not permitting of enlargement, which postulates a previously existing finity. Here again we are reminded of the imperfection of language, and its inaptitude for the expression of abstract ideas, of which we are thus compelled to treat in terms derived from, and so constantly suggestive of, the concrete. But to return, Eternity and Infinity are IDEAS, not *things*. They appertain to the subjective sphere; they are subject matter for thought, not observation, or even imagination. Hence the absurdity of those who say that they cannot conceive of infinity of extension without something extended. It is of course impossible to conceive of an abstraction, or vision forth the absolute, in the sense of forming an *image* of them in the mind. This is only saying that the finite cannot grasp the infinite, that you cannot reduce the abstract to the limitations of the concrete.

Again, we may say that Eternity and Infinity are not being, but the conditions of being; they are the predicates of that which is eternal and infinite—in other words, of that which is not subject to the conditions of time and place, that rises above the limitations of sequence, and the relationships of position. As common predicates of that which is eternal and infinite, eternity and infinity are co-ordinate, and consequently the one cannot serve as a substratum to the other. They are not substances but attributes, not entities but qualities, the attributes and qualities of the one eternal and infinite substance, the divine substratum of all being,

GOD.*

We have spoken of God as the eternal and infinite substratum of all being, implying that he is the (noumenal) reality underlying all (phenomenal) appearance, the divine unity as opposed to creational multiplicity, the ONE cause of every effect, the grand and pivotal centre of every order of peripheral and dependent existence. Hence from the objective and physical standpoint

* It is almost unnecessary to say that this is simply a succinct statement of "The Argument *a priori* for the Necessary Existence of God," of my able friend, Wm. Honyman Gillespie, Esq., applied on the *subjective* in place of the objective hypothesis. To this work, and to its appropriate continuation, "The Demonstration *a priori* of the Moral Attributes," I would refer the reader who desires an exposition of the Theistic question on purely logical grounds, by a master of Dialectics, who has had few rivals in any age.

he may be regarded as the universal agent, whereof all things are the apt and obedient instruments ; as the one all-pervading and all-sustaining life, of which the cosmos is the organism, and all its varied forms and types of being but the appropriate organs ; as the first principle of universal being, partially manifested to us in ultimate forms on the sensuous plane of perception. While metaphysically he may be contemplated as the absolute and unconditioned, and theosophically as the good and the true, —that is, as the infinite perfection, self-sustaining and self-sufficing. The religious sentiment of humanity culminates in Deity. A being, eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, and morally perfect, is the grandest conception that has yet dawned on the mind of man, and the higher mystics were perfectly justified in affirming that only a divinely-related nature—that is, a child of God—could entertain an idea so overawing and sublime.

Strictly speaking, however, these are the ideas of sages and philosophers—that is, profound and abstract thinkers—rather than prophets and religious teachers ; and it is from the revelations of the latter rather than the speculations of the former that the multitude have in all ages taken their conception of the divine nature. Hence, as a practical fact, the religious idea of God is an historical growth, whereof many of the successive stages may still be traced. Not to mention Fetishism and Tree and Serpent worship, and other forms of idolatrous religion attaching to the Negroid and Turanian races, there is no doubt that even the Caucasian nations have been and are still undergoing a process of gradual yet very perceptible development in their conception of the divine being, and the relation in which he stands both to his moral and physical creation. Thus, among the Semites, the limited and national, the jealous and variable Jehovah of the Pentateuch, is a very inferior being to the grand and unsearchable Adonai of the Psalms, the All-Father revealed by Christ, or even the stern yet invariably just Allah spoken of in the Koran. While among the Indic Aryans, the merely elemental gods of the Vedic hymns largely overshadow that faintly dawning and as yet nameless SUPREME, who as Brahm or Aum in the abstract, and as Brahma, Vishnu, and Seeva in manifestation, looms out so largely in the later systems of Hindoo theosophy.

These limitations of the religious idea of Deity are indeed still perceptible in many, if not most, of our existing and authoritative creeds. Thus, for example, the entire predestinarian scheme is based on the stupendous yet transparent fallacy that God *foreknows* and *foreordains*; whereas with him there is neither far nor near, before nor after, time and space existing in him and not he in them. But ordinary divines, despite their metaphysi-

cal training at the university, are apt to forget this; and so in their popular discourses, perhaps in lowly accommodation to the limited capacity of their hearers, habitually speak of the Deity as if, like his limited creatures, he were subject to the conditions of time and space. This inability to deal with the infinite is a part of the general inaptitude of ordinary minds for abstract thought, itself the result of that imperfect development of the reasoning powers, which might be expected from beings whose primary intellectual function is perception, and whose daily necessities demand rather the recollection of sequences as a matter of experience, than the intelligent cognition of law as a conclusion of the understanding.

And what can we say to such conceptions of the divine nature as are implied in "imputed righteousness," "vicarious suffering," and other legal fictions, even of the Arminian school, that run counter to the first principles of rectitude, and are in direct opposition to the eternal necessity and fitness of things, involved in the simple declaration, that "as ye sow so shall ye reap." Nor can we frame any very exalted conception of the Deity of the Catholic Church, whose treatment of souls is largely regulated by the number of purchasable masses, performed by a hireling priesthood on their behalf. Thus, then, it is scarcely unjust to say that the popular Deity, even of Christendom, although constituted on a vaster scale as to knowledge and power, is still morally, on a plane decidedly inferior to that of any great, good, wise, and holy man; and hence we may remark, the Protestant worship of Jesus and the Catholic adoration of Mary, as the humanitarian complements of an otherwise admittedly imperfect Godhead.

Here it may be observed we touch upon the source of much of the Atheism of our own, and in truth of all other times, this being in most cases simply and fundamentally, a revolt from the usurpation of a false, that is, a pretentious infinite. The atheist begins with an inadequate conception of Deity, and then revolts from this inadequacy. His God may be the traditional idol of the multitude, with the preferences, predilections, sympathies, antipathies, anticipations, and regrets, which popular ignorance so freely attributes to its accepted divinity; or he may be some impersonation of law, the cold and colourless abstraction of material science or metaphysical speculation; but in either case limited. Now it is from this limitation that he revolts, if he did but know it, in the process of renewing his allegiance to another and higher revelation of the divine, whenever it shall be mercifully vouchsafed to him. The atheist is never anything more in reality than a contemner of the *HEATHEN Gods*—that is, the false semblances of divinity set forth for worship in the creeds of men; and so at bottom is not uncommonly a brave, inquiring,

truthful, and *devout* soul, who says, "I would rather go bare than be clothed with lies;" and so puts off the foul rags of tradition or the motley of a shallow philosophy accordingly.

We have spoken of a false and pretentious infinite. Alas! what other is possible to the limited faculties of man. The grandest conception of God that ever dawned on a human mind could not fail to fall immeasurably short of the truth; for it is impossible that the finite should comprehend the infinite, that the creature should understand his Creator. The utmost that we can hope to accomplish in this way is, not to even remotely reveal the greatness and goodness, the power and the glory of God, but perchance to elevate and expand, even though it were but to an inappreciable extent, the limited and inadequate conceptions of men in relation to the character and attributes of their divine Father. We have said that the God-idea has grown from age to age during the past, and we may be quite sure that it will continue to grow in like manner during the limitless ages of the future. In a sense, perhaps in the highest sense, it may be said that his God is the measure of the man: it is so as an embodiment of his ideal of supreme power and excellence. To this, in his moments of profoundest thought and sublimest aspiration, has he attained. This is the revelation vouchsafed to him in his hour of most ardent devotion and most rapt adoration. In this his wisdom as a sage and his inspiration as a prophet culminate. It need scarcely be said that, strictly speaking, these remarks apply in all their force only to those few original minds that dare to think for themselves even on Deity, the multitude, whether of the rich or poor, being apparently but too happy to accept their God uninquiringly from the authorised expounders of faith.

It is in this connection that we see the unspeakable importance of establishing the most exalted possible conception of God; for the Deity you worship is largely the model on which you are formed, reverence being the most plastic of all the sentiments. Not to mention deities like Belial and the profligate denizens of Olympus, if your God be stern and relentless, you will tend to be harsh and cruel; but if he is merciful and long-suffering, slow to anger and ready to pardon the returning and repentant sinner, you will also strive to be patient and gentle, kind and affectionate. Now any one who has carefully studied the psychological characteristics of the various sections of the religious world, must be aware that there are considerable diversities in the prevalent conception of the divine character, so that at the present moment there are many among us who fear God as a tyrant, some who regard him almost solely as a judge, while a happy and enfranchised few prevail to love him as a Father. This diversity in the God-idea of different individuals, sects, classes, nations, and

rac^{es}, is a subject worthy of the profoundest investigation, and may be pursued at home and amongst one's kindred and neighbours, as well as in foreign countries and among alien races. Such a question, exhaustively treated, would constitute a most important chapter in Historic anthropology, and would demand not only one but many papers for its effective illustration.

Without attempting then to go into minute details as to racial proclivity and individual speciality on the present occasion, we may remark that modern Europe and its colonial extensions, constituting the vanguard of civilisation and the hope of the world, is at present divided into three great schools on the subject of Theism—the negative or atheistic, the affirmative or deistic, and the dogmatic or religious section, each, of course, separable into manifold sub-divisions. Now we do not intend to meddle with the last, who, properly speaking, are not amenable to reason but revelation, and who, in any doubts as to the character and attributes of God, appeal, not to the erring judgments of men but the unquestionable authority of Scripture, and whose cry in any controversy is, like that of the scribes and pharisees of old, "to the law and the testimony." But it is otherwise with the two former; they have accepted their conclusions presumably as the result of investigation and reflection, and are, therefore, we may suppose, amenable to suggestion and argument.

Theism and Atheism imply much more than belief or disbelief in the existence of God. The acceptance or rejection of a dogma is by no means the summation of the whole matter, which, when probed to its profounder depths, embraces the manner in which we regard causation, and the character and status which we attribute to effects. It involves the aspect under which we contemplate the entire scheme of being, as radically material or essentially spiritual, and so affects the opinions we hold, whether as to the origin and destiny of the universe, or of ourselves. It is probably from some dim perception of these, its stupendous corollaries, that the world has always stood in such terror of Atheism, and according to the good old recipe, has generally endeavoured to stamp it out by persecution.

We have said that God is the grandest and sublimest idea which has ever dawned on the human mind. But this grandeur and sublimity are by no means adequate proof of its truthfulness, for it may be, notwithstanding its grandeur, simply a sublime delusion. And if a delusion, then its very vastitude will only render it the more potent for evil, so that the primal question for us, that which dwarfs all others by its overwhelming magnitude and importance, is not so much *what* God is, but whether he be at all. A most momentous question—the greatest and most searching that any man can possibly ask, for according to the nature of the response he obtains, will his whole after life be

coloured. These are strange, and we may say, terrible utterances, whether for the author or the reader. It is, indeed, only in exceptional ages and among exceptional minds that the existence of God is ever questioned. Atheism is simply a phenomenon of transition. It has never been developed to any marked extent, save at those periods of crisis, when an old faith is expiring and its predestined successor is struggling into manifestation. It is only the death song of the expiring Phoenix to be exchanged for anthems of rebirth, on her inevitable resurrection in youth and beauty from the ashes of the past. Not doubt, but belief, is the normal condition of the human mind, whose scepticism is but the passing shadow of an eclipse, or, at most, the midnight darkness which falls like a veil of mystery between the vesper glories and matin splendours of two effulgent days of living faith.

We have already spoken of eternity and infinity as attributes which imply an eternal and infinite being as their substratum, that is, as the entity of which they are the predicates. Now an infinite being, or rather to use correctly distinctive phraseology in this case, **THE** infinite being, for he must from the very terms in which he is predicated, be the **ALL-ONE**, inclusive of the totality of existence, such a being we say must be **ABSOLUTELY** perfect, that is, he must possess all the attributes of being in their highest excellence and in harmonic relationship to each other. Hence his knowledge is omniscience; and his power, omnipotence; and his presence, omnipresence; they are so *necessarily* as harmonic attributes of the eternal and infinite one. But an absolutely **PERFECT** being must also be all-wise, all-good; and, therefore, in accordance with his other attributes and characteristics, perfectly happy. And now it will be at once seen that if the foregoing statements are admitted, we cannot deny him consciousness and personality, for these exist within the sphere of our own experience, and consequently they exist in God as their primal source. Nay, as simply *derivative* beings, intelligence and personality must exist in us partially and imperfectly; while as the **PERFECT**, he possesses these attributes, not relatively as in our case, but absolutely, so that in a certain, and that the highest sense, he is the sole personality in existence.

(*To be continued.*)

IS THERE A SPIRIT HOME?

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

OF all subjects of human interest, those which spring from the life of the soul take precedence. And of all benefactors of the human race, they are most universally revered who have helped to solve the problem of spiritual being that is stated in the

questions, Whence? What? and Whether? In their own day they may have been called fools, dreamers, or insane, as were Mahomet or Swedenborg, or classed with malefactors and out-laws, as were Socrates and Jesus; but the question of ESSENCE ever brought mankind back to its fealty, and the martyrs of one age became the saints and redeemers of the next.

Spiritualism is the prophet of the nineteenth century, and, like Moses and Zoroaster, it works directly on the world-old problem. As its first effect is to free and individualise the mind, the questions which arise receive answers, not from one favoured personage alone, but from thousands of minds more or less inspired. Hence, shades of difference, and even contradictions on vital points appear, which may be owing to different degrees of insight, to individual idiosyncrasies, or to the lack of a mutual understanding of terms.

Has the spirit a future locality? is one of the questions concerning which there are these differences of opinion and testimony. As an instance I venture to cite the following letter addressed to my companion by a highly valued and intelligent correspondent, who possesses that spirit of inquiry indicative of the sincerest love of wisdom:—

39 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,
LONDON, ENGLAND, 4th May, 1869.

A. J. DAVIS—*Respected Brother*: I have read your “Stellar Key,” and also the *Banner of Light*, No. 1, of the 20th of March, in which latter is the report of a discussion purporting to have taken place between a disembodied spirit (Father Henry Fitz James) and sundry embodied persons, in which the former tells them that “the notion that many teach of a distinct locality set apart for departed spirits is *entirely erroneous*. Do not believe,” he is reported to have said; “that there is a locality set apart for departed spirits, *for there is not*.”

At page 159 of the “Stellar Key” are the following words: “The first Summer-Land is found to be revolving near the grand orbit of the Milky Way.”

Probably you may be able, as I feel certain you will be willing, to enlighten myself and others, who are attached to the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, upon the cause of the above contradiction. Is it a distorted communication of the medium? or on what principle is it to be accounted for? The discussion alluded to appears extremely rational.

Yours fraternally,

A. B. TIETKENS.

To ascertain whether the spirit has locality hereafter we should inquire concerning its circumstances here, and on this point the reader will find a statement in the volume entitled, “Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions,” of the Harmonial series. Commencing on page 57, the author says:—

“The spirit of man is never out of the spirit-world. [By the ‘spirit-world’ we do not mean the Second Sphere, or Summer-Land.] By the term ‘spirit-world’ is meant the ‘silver lining to the clouds of matter’ with which the mind of man is thickly enveloped. There is no space between the spirit of man and this immense universe of inner life. Man’s spirit

touches the material world solely by means of spiritualised matter, both within and without his body. Thus the five senses come in contact with matter: 1. The eyes by *light*. 2. The ears by *atmosphere*. 3. The taste by *fluids*. 4. The smell by *odours*. 5. The touch by *vibration*. . . . By such conditions and attenuations of matter your spirit (yourself) comes in contact with the outward world. Interiorly you are already in the spirit-world. You feel, think, decide, and act as a resident of the inner-life. Death removes the 'cloud of matter' from before your spiritual senses. Then you see, hear, taste, smell, and touch, more palpably and intelligently, the facts and forces of the world in which, perhaps as a stranger, you have lived from the first moment of your individualised existence. It is not necessary to move an inch from your death-bed to obtain a consciousness of the spirit-world or inner-life. Instantly you perceive *the life of things*, and the shape and situation of the things themselves are also visible in a new golden light. . . . The Summer-Land is a vast localised sphere within the universal spirit-world."

According to this view, the spirit-world, like the "universal ether" of which philosophers discourse, is not pent up in any locality, but surrounds and permeates all places, persons, and spheres. "We lie open, on one side, to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Interiorly we exist in a boundless realm of essential being, and it is all accessible to us at every hour. What prevents us from being mingled with this infinite ocean to which all the attractions of the spirit tend? It is the material environment, by means of which we obtain the boon of individual consciousness. Let that be stricken out, and there would follow what was sought by the Hindoo philosophers, the absorption of the soul into Brahma, or the Universal Being. But "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and by virtue of these the spirit becomes an individualised entity, receptive of the tides of Infinite Being, but for ever undivided and absorbed.

It is then localised to a certain extent in the body. Nor is this all. Nature, by slow gradations, age after age, carried on her process of evolution until the earth was fitted for the local habitation of this embodied spirit. When it leaves the external form, will the laws of nature be suspended? It makes use of the natural body here; will it not hereafter need and make use of the spiritual body? Its locality now is fixed on a sphere, eliminated from an elemental orb, and balanced in boundless space. Is it unreasonable to infer that, emanating from rudimentary worlds, and balanced by them, a mighty sphere of perfected particles hangs in the immeasurable ether, to which the spirit, with its finer embodiment, involuntarily tends when released from earth?

The laws of nature are invariable. If we come to a full understanding of their action here, we have a key to their operation in every section of the universal whole. Granted that the spirit is an eternal entity; if it has locality here, it must have the same hereafter, else a natural law is subverted.

In a recent lecture, Ralph Waldo Emerson said:—"I remember when talking with one whose 'Rewards of the Future' appeared to me fanciful, he said, 'It is not so in your experience, but it is so in the other world.' I was prompted to reply, 'Other World! Do you not know that the laws above are sisters of the laws below? Other world! There is no other world. Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact.'" In the sense which superstition gives to the term, there surely is no "other world;" that is, no world where the laws of nature are abrogated. The impearled, gem-walled heaven of the Apocalypse exists only in oriental imagery; and would we know what takes place in a future state, we must study the track of the Divine from our present look-out, for "Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact."

It is a mistake to suppose that the "Stellar Key" teaches that there is "a locality *set apart* for departed spirits." Well may "Father Henry Fitz James" assert that there is no such arbitrary arrangement in the universe. To believe that there is a place "set apart," would be to accept the old theological dogma of a deity independent of law, like the reputed Lord of Joshua, who caused the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon. The "Stellar Key" furnishes scientific and philosophical evidence that the "Summer-Land" is a substantial sphere, and is as natural and inevitable an outgrowth of the rudimental worlds as the fruit of a tree is of its roots, trunks, and branches. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Paul, by a flash of insight, perhaps discerned, in common with many modern seers, that the Divine Energy, named by scientists Force, and by religionists God, which appeared in the visible stellar universe, still noiselessly operated in the invisible realm, to fashion a celestial sphere within that starry labyrinth, fitted to be the dwelling place of immortals.

Amid all the mutations of time there is deeply-rooted in the human soul a love of the permanent. Ties that bind us to kindred and friends cannot be broken without pain; and the wandering exile sadly yearns for the familiar scenes and the restful security of some far-away hamlet which once had for him the sacred name of *home*. In all the "Dreams of Heaven" which have come to the sad heart of humanity during the ages of the world, a thought of home-welcome and changeless love has mingled like a precious benediction. And the new perception of the supernal, which a fresh baptism of spiritual insight has given to mankind, changes those vague dreams to bright and beautiful certainties. The "evergreen mountains of life," the crystal streams that flow through the

“city of God,” the songs of praise and joy that float over the radiant hill-tops of the “Better Land,” the immortal love that links soul to soul, and makes holy the atmosphere of “Heaven,” these exist, not alone in the imagination of the poet, but as beautiful realities that fill with blessedness and peace the eternal home of the spirit.—*Banner of Light*.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS
AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF “WOMAN AND HER ERA,” “ELIZA WOODSON,” ETC.

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CHAPTER LIII.

HER next letter was a month later:

“I did not write by the last mail, dear Anna. I had so much to think of, and was so little decided in regard to many important things, that I could not speak clearly to you. Oh, that you had been with me, dear child, in this time! It has been a period of great joy and great struggle with—myself. I have long had at the bottom of my heart a heroism—perhaps *the* one of my life, so far—and I have lived it within the past month. But I will proceed to narrate at once:

“Leonard came a day or two later than we expected him. He was very much absorbed, for nearly a week after his arrival, in receiving and making proposals, estimates, plans, and so on. He spent an hour with me the first evening, and one or two every morning during those busy days. That was little to see of him, but it was enough to convince me how earnest, manly, and straightforward are all the phases of his character, and that he is not less reliable in his relation to these men of business than to the woman who loves him.

“He also dined here on one of those days, when the company consisted of about twenty persons, and occupied a distinguished seat, with me at his side, devoting himself in so marked a manner, but without a visible sign of the sentimental lover, that any possible freedom of thought which might have been indulged about ‘the governess’ must have been frozen at its source. He introduced but one of the guests to me—Gen. Blanco, the revolutionist, who was both gracious and respectful; and as we ladies were about leaving the table he half whispered: ‘I shall join you very soon. I cannot sit over wine with these men under the same roof with you. So look for me at the earliest moment that I can excuse myself.’

“He soon came to the parlour, and after saluting La Signorita in the stately style suited to the Spanish drawing-room, seated himself by me. I had previously vowed that my first free word to him should prepare the way for the subject I had pondered and dreaded; and now, that I might not be defeated by my own fears or his speech, I said,

hurriedly : ' I wish to have a talk with you, Leonard ; but as what I have to say requires calm consideration, it will be better to wait till these negotiations are closed, will it not ? '

" ' Yes ; but I hope there is nothing unreasonable or impracticable coming now. I see in your face a shadow, Eleanore ; its colour varies like the auroral sky, and I know your heart is fluttering there like a wild bird caged. Walk in the garden with me, and tell me what brings all this. Now, what is it, heart's dearest ? ' he said, when we had gone beyond the first range of flower-beds. ' Do not hesitate to walk here with me. They all understand our relation—all, at least, who know or care anything about us. I explained to Don Alexandro this morning. He was very polite, but said it needed no explanation to him and La Signorita. They had eyes and hearts. '

" ' I am glad you have done, ' it I said ; ' it relieves me of some embarrassment I have felt all along, but scarcely wished to put my own hand out to remove. '

" ' Was that the substance of the shadow that lay here, and here, but a moment ago ? '

" ' There was none there, foolish one, ' I said.

" ' There was, Eleanore ; I saw it plainly. Never think to deceive me with those eyes and lips, that I know every shade and motion of, as well as the painter of his picture. Come, I must have the word before I go to those men. You told me you were sometimes perverse and obstinate, and asked me to treat you for those symptoms ; and I showed you how I would do it when other means failed. Now you cannot loose my arm till you tell me something of what is on your mind—and if I cannot get speech from those lips I will have something else. Do you see now how I have all the advantage ? '

" ' Yes. You would scarcely be a man if you didn't take and boast it, too. '

" ' Ah, that sharp tongue ! ' he said ; ' but it shall not win your freedom though it were a hundred times sharper. I said I would have speech or something sweeter from those lips. But I will silence them if they utter another so saucy a word. Now beware. I know that something keen is burning to leap forth, but the instant it comes, I shall seal them. It is allowable in all warfare to silence the enemy's guns when you can. '

" ' I was silent, and after a moment, releasing me, he said, seriously : ' Tell me now, dear Eleanore, not what the thing is you have to say—for that we have not time—but if it will affect our happiness or relation in any degree. Is it anything new ? does it cloud the future in which our hopes are gathered ? Come here, close to my heart, and tell me. '

" ' I could not say clearly either yes or no, but after a moment I whispered : ' It is something requiring great courage on my part, dear Leonard ; the exercise of that will be the greatest pain it will cost, I hope. '

" ' You alarm me, ' he said. ' Is there anything in your history, my own high-hearted Eleanore, that it ought to cost you so bitter an effort to tell to *me* ?—to me who loves you so entirely and inevitably ? Oh, dear child, you know little of my love if you dread to tell me anything that can possibly have been a part of the experience of such a soul as yours. I

know its elevation and purity, as I know that nature, in her inmost processes and workings, is worthy the God who ordained them.'

" 'You mistake me, Leonard,' I said, laying the generous, encircling hand more closely to my heart; 'you mistake me. It is not of my history, but my thoughts and opinions, I wish to speak to you.'

" 'Thank God!' he exclaimed, fervently. 'I would not have your memory darkened by a pain that I could not soothe or banish for the treasure of the earth; but if it is only the opinions which this busy brain has been working out—only those—I shall come to hear them as I would to drink a bumper of wine of cypress. Every thought and sentiment of yours I have ever heard, dearest one, has penetrated my soul as the subtle spirit of the purest wine penetrates the brain—kindling life, feeling, lofty purpose, and sublime hopes.'

" 'But what I have to say now may affect you differently,' I said, wishing to cloud the brightness of his confidence a little. 'My sentiment toward you partakes strongly of worship—for your completeness of manhood and warm and spontaneous soul-life. The earth you walk upon becomes consecrated to me; the air you breathe more ethereal and divine by your presence in it. I have found in you, dear idol of my heart, that other life, which nothing can ever separate from mine, and it is another world to me since. Time, life, death, and eternity, are changed by this relation of my being to yours. But I will carefully cherish all that can glorify this. It is not enough for me that it *is* and *must* be, let what will happen to us in the outward; but I will have it so rich and perfect, that our days shall come and go with rejoicing, and life shall be a perpetual feast—but so wisely and delicately enjoyed, that it shall not pall upon us. In love, Leonard, you shall find me the veriest epicure. I will be so dainty and nice in its entertainments that no one of them shall ever be felt as unwelcome. I will strew its blooming paths not only with the joys that God sanctions, but with the denials that heighten all pleasures. I will so care for your happiness and my own, that the flight of years shall take from us nothing which time is commanded to leave, and that our hearts, becoming more firmly united by all the high respects and observances that exist between the man and the woman, shall never be less alive to the beauty of the same between the husband and wife. It is of such things, dear Leonard, that I wish to talk to you, in some undisturbed hour, when your heart is tranquil and your thoughts serene. Will you come to hear me?'

" 'Will I come?' he echoed, drawing me closer to his breast. 'Will I open my eyes to see the splendours of to-morrow? Will I suffer my ears to drink in the melodies of winds and waters, and birds and happy insects? Will I breathe the odours wherewith our dear God hath freighted the embracing airs? Then will I come to thee, Eleanore. And call no more on that high courage, which as much as anything else in the soul has riveted fast its fetters on mine. For in all these things thou speakest to me as one inspired. Therefore fear not to utter thy inmost thought, dear Eleanore. I hear the sounds of movement within. One sweet kiss before I go from thy sphere to the earthly one—a long and trusting kiss to chase away the last vanishing mist between us.'

"I was unutterably happy in that moment, Anna; happy in having followed my highest convictions; happy in the assurance of a cordial and

serious hearing of all I had yet to say ; and more than all, in the exceeding tenderness and purity of the love expressed in that parting.

“ ‘I shall see you no more till to-morrow,’ he murmured ; ‘and this is the adieu which will be visibly conveyed by-and-by, by clasped hands only. After three days I will come for that audience. Make thy heart light, meanwhile, for it can contain no thought or emotion, I know, which thou shouldst shrink from uttering to me.’

“ I lingered long enough among the flowers to dry the happy dew that had distilled into my eyes, and tranquilise the strong pulsations which seemed to have passed from his bosom into mine, and then I also entered the house, went to the parlour, and, for the first time in the presence of strangers, there sat down at the piano. One of the ladies had been playing, and very well, too—we had heard her in the garden—a beautiful piece from *La Ceneventola*, and the music still lay on the rack. I looked at Signorita, who invited me, by her eyes and nodding gesture, to go on.

“ I believe I was inspired then, Anna, if I ever was. I struck a few chords—carelessly, as in our youth we sweep the strings of the heart often, with rash and blind hand ; but the right voice did not come till I had wandered over the keys several times. At last I found it, and in the finding I quickly forgot all else but how I could satisfy my soul with the wealth of sounds. My thoughts ran backward from the rich and flowery present, but *there* was sadness which I resolutely turned from, bringing myself by soft and lingering touches on the minor keys, away from the grief I dared not let into my heart—away to the blooming fields and towering mountain-crests, where my joys and triumphs now lie. I lived in it, dear, as I had just lived in other high communion, and I was as unconscious of time in the one as in the other. When I came to the end, pouring out that last experience of my soul, there was silence after the prolonged notes of victory, and I became suddenly conscious of being surrounded.

“ Presently the words, ‘Inimitable ! superb ! glorious !’ and so on, came to my ears, and I heard myself praised for what I seemed to have been rather chief auditor than performer of. Mr Huntly, the champion, as he is sometimes jokingly called, came to my side, and with some words of unmeasured warmth, expressed the pleasure I had given them all. There was a general murmur of voices and movement, and I wondered that Leonard did not appear.

“ ‘We should like to hear something else, Madame,’ said Mr Hedding. ‘So skillful a hand must have many such pleasures in its gift.’

“ I did not say, of course, what was true—that it was the soul, and not the hand, that had furnished the last ; but feeling constrained by the request and the waiting presences, I laid a piece of Mendelssohn before me and played it. It was mechanically done, and not very well, for my hand needs practice sadly, except when the spirit moves it ; and when it was over, the men, with thanks, again withdrew to their segars, politics, railroads, and mines, and we were left alone, as I thought, till I heard a step, and felt Leonard bending over me.

“ ‘I have never heard you touch a piano before, Eleanore,’ he said, speaking low ; ‘but tell me, What was that wonderful first piece ?’

“ ‘It has no name,’ I said.

“ ‘Then it was an improvisation. I thought so—it spoke so clearly to

my soul. I could not come to you at the moment—the music moved me too deeply. Do you play much in that way?’

“‘Not much in any way,’ I replied, ‘since I left home.’

“‘I remembered then, Anna, playing at Mrs Holman’s, and how you recognised the expression of that performance; and I told him that I had played so but once before since I had known him.

“‘This is a pleasure,’ he said, ‘I never dreamed of enjoying with you. It has taken me by surprise. We are apt, perhaps, to undervalue the musical taste and culture of Americans; but I would not shrink from comparing that performance with one of the same character by any unprofessional artist in Paris or London.’

“‘It is rather a gift,’ I said, ‘than a power—which in music must be the result of a talent, as we call it, richly cultivated. Apart from something like this, I make no pretensions. I am not a bit of an artist, Leonard.’

“‘We might differ about that,’ he said, ‘if there were time; but we left an important question suspended in mid-discussion when you summoned us, and I must return to my part in it.’

“So ended the evening, dear Anna; and you ought—indeed, now, you ought—to be more thankful than I fear you are, for being so faithfully remembered in these full and happy days. In my next letter, you will have that long talk and its results, so far as they are discernible at the writing.

“Do you often consider, dear, how foolishly we speak of the effect of ideas? We talk with a person for the purpose of introducing certain thoughts and feelings into his or her life. We spend an hour—may be two or three—and we go away at last disappointed and disheartened. When we speak of the interview, we say, ‘I tried to show a truth to that soul, but without avail. My words fell upon ears of stone.’

“Shallow lamentation! We sow the seed, and expect to see the bloom in a day. We will not patiently look along the line of stormy or tranquil years that stretch before, to see how, by-and-by, in some unexpected hour and place, there shall spring up a sweet flower, or a clinging vine, or a vigorous young forest tree, to testify to our righteous husbandry. I believe no word spoken for truth is ever utterly lost. It will germinate somewhere in the kingdom of life, and add to it beauty or strength, or both.

“Phil, hearing your name frequently mentioned so affectionately between Leonard and me, has actually taken to teasing for you lately, and he has entered into treaty with Clara, I believe to join him—so that almost every day I am questioned, entreated, and sometimes positively worried by the little rogues about you. Will you come, dear friend, when the time you named to Leonard is expired? If you should desire it, you could have this situation, or another as good, without difficulty; but I shall claim you for my own for awhile, wherever I may then be. How would you like the mountains for a few months? At any rate come, dear Anna, when you feel you can.

“I am invited now very frequently, since it is understood who I am to be, by-and-by. Even my good Mrs Rowe made a point of sending for me from the school-room, at her last visit, instead of, as before, leaving her card, with my name written upon it.

"I have not been out yet, nor do I intend going at present. Leonard does not worship society or position, and when I say, 'Shall I go this evening here or there?' he says with his tongue, 'By all means, if you like to, Eleanore:' but with his eyes he says as plainly, 'Will it not be so much happier being by ourselves here?' And I always answer to the eyes, and not the tongue. Yours ever, ELEANORE."

CHAPTER LIV.

"THE three days are gone, Anna," she said in her next, "but the arrangements spin out through two or three more, I suppose, and as I see him every day, I let times and events take their course.

"On Sunday last we went to the Protestant chapel. It is not quite lawful to call it a church—the Romish Church refusing to recognise it for that, and the government, in suffering it to be established, actually refusing to it the proportions and general architectural character of sacred edifices. It is a low one-storey wooden building, on the hill in the part of the town mostly occupied by foreigners; painted brown, and looking more like a rambling lawless cottage-house than a building for religious worship.

"The congregation was small, but there was a large proportion of cultivated refined faces among those who composed it. This is a British naval station, you know. There is an English war vessel of immense size lying in the harbour at present, and several smaller ones are always kept here or cruising on the coast. This brings a good many cultivated men and a few families into the English congregation; and then there are physicians, lawyers, merchants, and travellers—an undue proportion of the latter, just now, on their way to California.

"The services are conducted by a minister who is not called a rector, or vicar, or curate; but a chaplain. He is a slight, pale, intellectual looking man, with a gentle, kindly face, which greatly won us. His sermon was both earnest and polished; but its staple was drawn from the past, where, according to the doctrines of his church, are garnered man's hopes of salvation. The good man is stifled, walled within his creed, and dare not rub off the mould of the ages, lest some of his piety should go with it. Leonard and I agreed, walking homeward, that however honest and good and pure it was, the day for such teaching was passing away. It is observable, I think, everywhere—here, as well as at home, that it takes less hold on the mind than it used to. People sit and hear of awful judgments, and penalties, and wrath, and ruin; but, dear friend, they don't believe them! And I respect them for it. Leonard laughed at my remarking how comfortably this little congregation, which does not, I suppose, contain many progressive people, took its damnation. The people looked complacently at him who was showing them what they deserved, and would certainly get, if God's wrath were not averted, and seemed, by their placid faces of assent, to say, 'Yes, that is right: it is quite according to the canons; but on the whole, we will not disturb ourselves—at least not now—when, if they wholly believed what he was saying, the most fearful demonstrations could not have expressed the agony they ought to have been in.

"We concluded that the indications from all quarters showed that the gospel of fear is going out, and the gospel of love coming in; and that the teachers who would remain teachers, will have to change their direction hastily by-and-bye, or find themselves left aside from the great moving current as obstructions instead of helps.

"It is one of my most substantial causes of thankfulness that Leonard, who has such a strong religious life, is emancipated in it. We have agreed, while we remain in this country, to be preachers to each other.

"It was arranged on this Sunday, that we should go out on horse-back on Monday afternoon, I beginning my lessons an hour earlier for that purpose. It is not allowable in this country, on account of the low moral condition, I suppose, that any unmarried man and woman shall go out together alone. Suspicion is thus elevated into a social institution, which cannot be set at naught, without loss of caste. So Mr Huntly, who is really a most noble fellow, and who commends himself anew to me every time I see him, was invited to invite somebody, and accompany us. We started at two, and were out till nine, dining at a tavern about ten miles hence, which is much resorted to, and riding altogether about thirty miles. It was one of the pleasantest days of my life, dear Anna. Leonard loves the natural world as much as I do. He is enthusiastic about skies, landscapes, and forests—sensitive to certain airs as I am, and can take a long holiday by the sea-shore, or on the mountains, or in the forest, with as keen a relish of it and all its accessories as any soul I ever saw.

"His life is so healthy and active—thoughtfulness tempering and elevating all enjoyment into a sort of religion, which may be grave or gay, according to the outward genialities of the time and place, that he is one of the most delightful companions, apart from his near and sweet relation to me. I find him so esteemed among the men to whom he is known. No excursion or party of the best is complete without him; yet Mr Hedding told me, confidentially, that he never participates in or approaches their occasional dissipation; never does nor says himself, or encourages in any other what the presence of the purest women would forbid—a high test of character, I take it, Anna, in a man of the world as he pre-eminently is.

"You do not know how much all this encourages and assures me. For though I should love him no less were he in some respects less complete, yet I feel in these many and beautiful sides to his life, a wealth of resource and promise for the future, which I can scarcely estimate to you. If only now the life is spared to us to enjoy all. But I am talking of him instead of what I saw. It is not that I love nature less, but—you know the rest.

"The roads here are often only mule paths, leading through canons and across ravines that look inaccessible from the hills whence you are obliged to descend into them. The horses are curiously trained to gallop up and down the roughest paths. A timid, or even a prudent rider, would hold it expedient, joining such a reckless party as ours was, to settle his temporal concerns before leaving home; for certainly, many times in course of the day, one fancies there is but an inch between him and broken bones. Yet these splendid creatures never miss their footing in a whole day of such rashness.

“Great varieties of the cactus were in bloom upon the barren hills, and beautiful verbenas, fuchsias, pansies, moccasin flowers, geraniums, and low vine roses sparkled in the valleys below them. Everywhere we saw the chaste oleander, the showy laurustinus, and the sweet honey-suckle—every shrub a mass of flowers, so healthy, luxuriant, and gay, that they made our hearts glad with their gladness. We rode through this blooming wilderness, sometimes bending to our saddles to escape the sturdier boughs, and again standing to breathe, and gaze from some open hill-top upon the country spread below us—the prodigal vales of beauty, and the field of young wheat, set in the red of the arid hill.

“But to me, Anna, the grand feature of the day’s show—that which made me often silent with wonder and pleasure, and a wish to be there, alone with Leonard, was the snowy Andes. There they lay stern and silent, along the north-eastern horizon—their ancient heads reaching into eternal winter—their bases gay with the tender beauty that surrounded us. Aconcagua, the giant of the American mountains, piercing the thin blue air above us for five miles, made even his huge brother look comparatively diminutive. How the terrible grandeur appealed to my imagination and my heart. Alone, with that spectacle before me, I should have knelt in silent worship of the power that could fashion it, and in grateful love of the Beneficence that had placed it here. I never long for the strength and freedom of a man, but when such a scene, which only a man’s foot can fully explore, lies before me. What a pleasure, what a long rapture, to climb to the top of that hoary mountain—what ecstasy, looking down thence upon the far-off world, to bathe the soul in that misty solitude by day, and drink in its starry mysteries by night! I realised there the life that said of itself:—

“‘Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home.’

“I became a poet within, when gazing on this scene, and felt, more keenly, I think, than ever before, that they are among the happiest of earth’s children who can find harmonious utterance for such emotions, as pained me in my cold silence. It was a high question then, which my soul could not get answered, why feeling should so immeasurably exceed the power of expression.

“I asked it of Leonard, when we were riding by ourselves in the evening, and the answer he made was the only selfish one I ever heard from his lips: ‘If you were a poet in speech as you are in heart, Eleanore, I fear you would be too far from me.’

“—— Yesterday he came out after dinner, for a whole uninterrupted evening with me alone. ‘I am clear now, dear Eleanore,’ he said, as he drew me to his heart. ‘All the worldly care for to-day, and for many days is gone at last. The morning settled it, and now we are our own again for a time. Antonio is coming to take Phil for a ride, and I want you all to myself, for this whole evening, for that formidable talk which was so dreaded a week ago, or if not that, any other, in which this soul can come to mine. I am longing for your voice and words after these tiresome days of business.’

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

O come, ye little children, to the woodlands!
 O come, ye little children, to the bright sands!
 To the laughing, dancing waters and the flowers!
 O come ye from the alleys of the town,
 Where the bare walls for ever threat and frown,
 And the dark mist of rain for ever lowers!

O wherefore do ye linger 'mid the noise
 Of the harsh discordant city, when such joys
 Await ye in the meadows? 'Twas for ye,
 O ye children, lovely children, that HE made
 The meadows, and them beauteously arrayed
 In such garniture of flower, and grass, and tree.

The birds are singing for you all the day;
 The flowers prank them in their bright array,
 And wait for you and sigh for you till eve,
 When they close their eyes in slumber till the morn;
 While ye, O desolate children, all forlorn,
 Press your little hearts against the stones and grieve!

O grieve so patient, sadly! not like men
 Who fret and fume like lions in a den
 When their ways are crossed or purposes delayed;
 For ye know not why ye weep, but in your bosoms
 There's a longing and a yearning for the blossoms,
 With which the beauteous earth is all arrayed.

Just as in larger children there's a fervour
 Of heavenly aspiration and endeavour
 To gain those meads of asphodel so fair,
 That stretch within those regions of delight,
 Beyond the darksome veil of mortal night,
 Where cometh neither sorrow nor despair.

The city with its clamour and its din,
 With its hollowness, and vanity, and sin,
 With its recklessness and ruthlessness of life,
 Was not meant, O little children, meant for you,
 But for bearded men, and stalwart, who can do
 Deeds of daring in the battle and the strife

'Gainst the foe;—the wicked demon, who for ever,
 Like the ancient myth Cerberus, doth endeavour
 To crush the noble striyer in his woe;
 Or with siren-voice to woo the thoughtless wight
 To Orcus-pit, and blackest, starless night,
 Where grim despair and anarchy madness go.

Man sins against ye, little ones, to keep
 Ye close mew'd up in cities, where the deep
 Constant longings of your tender hearts are crushed;
 That yearning to be one with all that lives—
 A passion so inherent that nought gives
 A recompense for it when sadly hushed.

The toil and moil of cities soon enough
 Comes to grind, in life's harsh tread-mill, human stuff,
 Till life's poetry and flowers all are gone;
 And nothing but its haggardness remains,
 Its nakedness, necessities, and pains,
 For the poor heart to break and bleed upon.

With your winning eyes, O little children, plead,
 And your plaintive voices also, for the need
 Of your tender hearts, like little birds and flowers
 For sunshine and the fragrant, healthful air,
 To make ye joyous, laughing-eyed, and fair,
 Like these denizens of coppice, field, and bower.

O hear their gentle voices sadly plaining;
 Behold their little cheeks how thin and waning,
 And think of your own childhood, O ye men!
 Of that valley green and spreading where ye gamboled,
 And those hills and dales o'er which so oft ye rambled,
 As joyous as the sky-lark or the wren.

And pity them, the little ones, whose eyes
 Never gaze upon the blue o'er-arching skies,
 Save through the smoke and mist of busy towns;
 Who never lie upon the grass and drowse
 Their time away, nor rock upon the boughs,
 Nor saunter all forgetful on the downs;

And let their lives be gladsome, wild, and free,
 As the butterflies and moths that throng the lea.
 With your enfranchisements, O do enfranchise these
 In their childhood days, at least, from care and sorrow,
 From misery and wretchedness that furrow
 Their tender hearts, and foul and gaunt disease.

For garrisons, exchanges, churches, jails,
 And hospitals, your money never fails;
 For idleness, and vanity, and vice,
 Your streets are thronged with palaces; but where
 Are your gardens for the little ones, O where?
 And yet, than they, what bears a higher price!

O think a little while, ye thoughtless men,
 Whom you're living for and doing for; and then
 Consider whether 'mid your streets and lanes,
 Ye might not have some green umbrageous courts
 Where your children might enjoy their childish sports,
 And yet not over-circumscribe your gains.

A CURIOUS thing happened lately (says the *Musical Standard*) at a theatre in Saxony—"Hamlet" was being performed. In the great monologue (Act III. scene 1), where "Hamlet" says—

"But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,"

a country fellow in the gallery exclaimed, "Stupid! didn't you see your father's spirit last night? Where do you think he came from?"

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

EVIDENCE BEFORE THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of *Human Nature*.)

SIR,—The heavy chariot of the gods Matter and Mammon, has so crushed and flattened the brains of their votaries, as to make them lose sight of all sense of shame. The evidence given by the spiritualists before the Dialectical Society, disfigured in the first instance by the London penny-lights, has been so *facetiously* distorted by the effulgent wit of the provincial penny-a-liners, as to make error smile and truth blush. My own evidence thus twice stretched on their modern beds of Procrustes has had the most to suffer. Deeming *my* experience of the phenomena (extending as it does to several countries and embracing almost every phase of mediumship) to be of the greatest importance for forming a just criterion of causes and effects, I desire to place it under the shield of the Spiritual press, the only one on which we can now-a-days rely for fairness and truth.

Should you agree with me in my estimate of the importance of the evidence which I have sent in writing to the Dialectical Society, I hope you will publish it *in extenso* in the next number of your fearless periodical.—Your obedient servant,

G. DAMIANI.

Clifton, July 12, 1869.

EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITUALISM:

A Letter addressed to the DIALECTICAL SOCIETY by G. DAMIANI, Foreign Correspondent of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists.

"They say Democritus was always laughing; if so Democritus was no philosopher."—SILVIO PELLICO.

"I come from the living, and you say they are dead."—(*A Neapolitan proverb.*)

"Truth against the world."—JUDGE EDMONDS.

To the Committee of the Dialectical Society, now sitting to investigate the phenomena attributed to spiritual agencies.

GENTLEMEN,—When on Tuesday, June 22, 1869, I came before you to give evidence in connection with the matters which you were then investigating, I was prepared to testify only to the facts, and not to expound the philosophy of Spiritualism. Being, however, desired by some members of your committee to indicate the theories whereon those facts depend for their significance, I willingly assented, replying at some length to various questions bearing on those theories which were then asked me. Your limits as to time thus precluded me from laying before you those facts to elicit which formed (I presume) the principal object of your session. I was, in consequence, desired by certain of your number to send my actual experiences of Spiritualism to your committee in writing. This I now do with great pleasure, not only because of my concurrence in the adage "*verba volant*" (which I take in its double significance), but also because I have recently seen such evidence as I have already given before you most facetiously dis-

torted by your (mis-)reporters. Indeed, the whole evidence adduced on the evening in question—not to speak of that taken on the preceding Tuesday—manifests great misconception of their proper functions on the part of your short-hand writers, who perhaps thought that you were sitting *à l'antique* *inquirendo*, or possibly imagined that your committee would be pleased to see their proceedings reported in the style applicable to the description of a steeple-chase, or a prize-fight. It rests with you (as I would submit) to make these “gentlemen of the fourth estate” understand, once for all, that you require, in them, faithful automatons, and not wits; and that they are employed by you to reproduce, and not to colour and distort. I thus appeal to you, not on account of my own lacerated feelings (although, of course, the irony of the penny press cuts me to the very soul), but for the credit of your own proceedings, the utility and dignity of which are seriously imperilled by the “native woodnotes wild” of your *sky-larking* stenographers.

Having, I hope, reported your reporters not in vain, I now proceed to lay before you my evidence concerning the (so-called) spiritual phenomena.

I am, comparatively, a novice in Spiritualism, having been engaged, altogether, only four years in the investigation of its phenomena and the study of its literature. I am not a medium, nor have I sought to be developed into one; but I have come in contact with more than one hundred of that class (of whom only three were professional, or paid mediums), and have assisted at more than two hundred *seances* in England, France, and Italy. I am personally acquainted with many of the leading spiritualists of Europe, of whom I here make bold to say that, as a class, they are certainly not inferior in intellectual calibre to any other body of scientists whom I have yet been privileged to encounter. Amongst the many phenomena which I might lay before you, I will content myself with the relation of a few only, as being sufficient to effectually dispose of all the theories of “unconscious cerebration,” “mental aberration,” “collective delusion,” and other woeful epidemics, propounded by the advanced philosophers of the day in order to account for, and explain away, matters which even *they* admit to be somewhat abnormal in their nature.

Now for facts. In the spring of 1865 I was induced by a friend to attend my first *seance*. This I remember, took place at No. 13 Victoria Place, Clifton, the medium being Mrs Marshall. I had been, up to that moment, an utter sceptic in spiritual matters; chokeful of positivism, I conceived man to be but a very acute monkey (*simia gigantis stupenda*, to be scientific), and recognised in life only a brief and somewhat unsatisfactory farce. I was, however, at the same time open to conviction,—which, perhaps, was foolish in me. I found assembled at this *seance* some forty gentlemen, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and journalists, besides a fair sprinkling of ladies. A medical man, well known in the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr Davy, of Norwood, filled the chair. At first, I refused to sit at the large table whereat the manifestations were to take place, for being then what I have now ceased to be, an unqualified believer in the candour and truthfulness of the newspaper press, I made up my mind (certain journalistic comments being fresh in my recollection) to keep a sharp look-out upon

the medium's movements. I was thus occupied (*intentaque ora tenebat*) when sounds, altogether unlike anything in my experience, were distinctly heard by me to proceed from the ceiling, some four yards as I should judge, above the medium. These sounds, travelling down the wall, along the floor, and up the claws and pillar of the large round table, came resounding in its very centre. This ought to have convinced me at once that the medium's toes, at least, had nothing to do with the phenomenon; but prejudiced incredulity is so strong a cuirass against the sword of truth, that I remained still watching the feet of the medium under the table, as a cat does its prey. The chairman was the first to commence conversation with our (supposed) spiritual visitors. Shortly afterwards it came to my turn to talk with the spirits. "Who is there?" "Sister," was rapped out in reply. "What sister?" "Marietta." "Don't know you; that is not a family name;—are you not mistaken?" "No; I am your sister." This was too much: I left the table in disgust. Still, those knocks proceeding from the ceiling had puzzled me, and excited my curiosity; therefore, when the company dispersed I remained behind, to discover, if I could, the *modus operandi*. I invited myself (the assurance of sceptics is proverbial) to take tea with Mrs Marshall and her hostess, after which I begged to have a private *seance*. "Now I shall catch you," I thought. Sure enough the raps came again, distinct and sonorous as before. "Who are you?" "Marietta." "Again! why does not a sister whom I can remember come?" "I will bring one;" and the raps were now heard to recede, becoming faint and fainter until lost in the distance. In a few seconds a *double knock*, like the trot of a horse was heard approaching, striking the ceiling, the floor, and lastly the table. "Who is there?" "Your sister Antonietta." "That is a good guess," thought I. "Where did you pass away?" "Chieti." "When?"—thirty-four loud distinct raps succeeded. Strange—my sister so named had certainly died at Chieti just thirty-four years before. "How many brothers and sisters had you then? Can you give me their names?" Five names (the real ones) all correctly spelt in Italian were given. Numerous other tests produced equally remarkable results. I then felt I was in the presence of my sister.

"If that is not in truth my sister," I thought, "then there exists in nature something more wondrous and mysterious even than the soul and its immortality." What had taken place at this, my first *seance*, produced such an effect upon my mind that I determined to continue the investigation until I could come finally to a rational conclusion upon the subject. During the fortnight of Mrs Marshall's stay in Clifton, I frequented the *seances* daily, and on an average for four hours a day. Spirit after spirit I evoked, who one and all established their identity through the most searching tests. Having been thus uniformly successful, I felt somewhat perplexed about Marietta. Had I been mystified in her case, and in hers alone? Finally, I wrote to my mother, then living in Sicily, inquiring whether, among the nine children she had borne and buried, there had been one named Marietta. By return of post, my brother, Joseph Damiani, architect, now residing at Palermo, wrote as follows:—"In reply to your inquiry, mother wishes me to tell you that on October 2nd, 1821, she gave

birth, at the town of Messina, to a female child, who came into the world in so weakly a condition that the midwife, using her prerogative in such emergencies, gave her baptism. Six hours after birth the child died, when the midwife disclosed the fact of her having baptised the infant under the name of Maria (the endearing diminutive of which is Marietta). The birth and death of this sister I have verified by reference to the family register." You must admit, gentlemen, that in the above case "unconscious cerebration" has not one leg to stand upon.

To proceed with my testimony. I have been present at *seances* when a sheet of blank paper and a pencil have been placed under the table, and a few seconds afterwards, these being picked up, sentences have been found written on the paper. How do I know that it was not the medium's toes did this? you may ask. Well, I can only reply that in such case the medium must indeed have possessed most extraordinary toes.

Whilst in Sicily, quite recently, a most telling poem, two hundred lines long, in the Sicilian dialect, besides communications in German, French, Latin, and English, have been received in my presence, the medium in this case being a singularly illiterate person of the artisan class.

I have met in Clifton with a boy medium, between ten and eleven years of age, who would write long essays on spiritual philosophy, the matter and manner of these essays being such as would have been accepted from any accomplished writer of mature age who was conversant with the subject. I took the well-known Alessandro Gavazzi to a *seance* with this youthful medium. The acute polemist put various abstruse metaphysical and theological questions to the medium, or rather to the medium's controlling spirit, and received replies so deep and learned as to convince him that it was no mere case of "clever boy." This young medium—whose writings now extant would fill a dozen volumes—exhibited a different handwriting for every controlling spirit by whom he was directed, and wrote occasionally in several of the dead languages.

I know another medium, aged fifteen, also resident at Clifton, who, when under spirit influence, will give answers written in rhyme, so exceedingly good, both as to matter and style, as to preclude any possible question in the minds of those who know him as to their being his own unassisted composition.

While in Paris a few weeks ago, I was at several *seances* with the "healing medium," Jacob, the ex-Zouave. I have seen patients who entered the room upon crutches, walk out of it perfectly cured. On touching his patients, Jacob invariably enumerates (to their great amazement) all the drugs they have been taking. "*Vous vous êtes fait empoisonner avec de l'opium et de l'aconite, et vous vous êtes nourri de porc salé et de viandes saignantes,*" I heard him say on one occasion. "*Oui, monsieur,*" the sufferer ejaculated. "*Tesez vous, je n' ai pas besoin que vous me le dites, puisque je le sens,*"* was the curt rejoinder.

* "You have allowed yourself to be poisoned with opium and aconite, and you have been feeding on salt pork and meat under-done."—"Yes, sir." "Do not speak; I do not want you to tell me, since *I feel it.*"

When present at *seances*, I have heard instruments sounding and playing in good time and with correct enharmonic accompaniments, whilst, to my own knowledge, no one in the room, with the exception of myself, knew anything about music, and it certainly was not *I* that played on these occasions.

I have heard noises, as of sledge-hammers, on the walls of a private house in Clifton, making the whole building shake to its foundations. The sound of footsteps moving about from one part of the room to another, I have repeatedly heard in open daylight, upon occasions when no one was present in the room with me, except a seated medium. I have seen a heavy table rise bodily from the floor when only the medium's fingers and my own were resting lightly on it, and rising in such a manner, and to such a height, as to render *to-leverage* a matter of physical impossibility. I have often, when seated, been shifted, together with the chair on which I have been sitting, a foot or more from the table during a *seance*.

I have seen a lady raised in her chair at least a clear foot from the ground, and sustained in that position for several seconds, whilst no hands were touching her or her chair—the medium, moreover, being a considerable distance off.

I have frequently held spirit-hands (at all events, hands not attached to any corresponding body) in my grasp. The touch of these hands differed so much from that of human hands, that I can bring nothing like analogy or comparison to bear upon it. They were not so warm as human hands, and ordinarily (though not invariably) were softer in texture. Their contact has generally sent a thrill through my frame, somewhat resembling a slight electric shock. These hands would melt away and dissolve in mine. I have often *seen* the hands. They are generally beautiful in form, with tapering fingers, such as those Canova gives to his ideal nymphs and goddesses. Sometimes they present a whitish and opaque appearance, at other times I have seen them pink and transparent.

I have assisted at several *seances* with the Davenport Brothers—those men of all living (except, perhaps, Daniel D. Home) the best abused. On their last visit to England in 1868, I happened to be selected as one of the persons who were to tie them to their seats in that well-known cabinet of theirs. Immediately after they were thus secured, five pink transparent hands appeared ranged perpendicularly behind the door. Subsequently I placed my hand in the small window of the cabinet, when I felt each of my five digits tightly grasped by a distinct hand, and while my own was thus held down, five or six other hands protruded from the hole above my wrist. On withdrawing my hand from the aperture, an arm came out therefrom—an arm of such enormous proportions that, had it been composed of flesh and bone, it would, I verily believe, have turned the scale (being weighed) against the whole corporeal substance of the smaller Davenport. At the *seance* I have just mentioned, there were present, amongst others, Mr Goolden Perrin, of Westmoreland Place, Camberwell; Mr Robert Cooper, of The Terrace, Eastbourne, Sussex; also a celebrated mesmerist doctor, whose name has, for the moment, escaped my recollection.

I have assisted at *seances* where, the windows being closed and the doors locked, *fresh* flowers have been showered on the company just previously to their departure. It was at Baron Guldenstubbé's, in London, in the year 1867, that I first remember having witnessed this. The flowers would have filled a large basket, and the fact of their being *perfectly fresh* and besprinkled with dew—the medium, Mrs Guppy, *née* Nichol, having been with us continuously for at least two hours before the *seance* commenced—in itself, and apart from the lady's great respectability, precludes any, the faintest, suspicion of “crinoline mystification,” or sleight of hand. I must not omit mentioning that, on examining the flowers, some of which still remain in my possession, we perceived that the ends of the stems presented a blackened and burnt appearance. On our asking the invisible intelligences the reason of this, we were told that electricity had been the potent “nipper” employed.

In the year 1866, at a “dark *seance*” held at the Spiritual Lyceum in London, I distinctly saw Miss Nichol raised on her chair from the ground by some unseen agency, and placed on the table round which I and many others were sitting. A gap in a folding door, through which the light flickered, enabled me from where I sat to distinctly see her carried aloft through the air with extreme swiftness.

Another interesting series of phenomena coming under my personal observation has been the “voice *seances*,” whereat I have heard and conversed with spirit-voices. Having attended at several of these *seances* with different mediums, and in the presence of numerous investigators, I have for hours together conversed with voices which could not on either of these occasions have proceeded from any living person in the room wherein, for the time being, we were assembled. The voices vary in pitch, from the firm, vigorous, declamatory tone of the stage to the most shadowy whisper. How could I be certain, it may be asked, that this was not ventriloquism? I will give my reasons for the faith that is in me in this behalf *seriatim* :—

1st.—Because three of these voice-mediums are personal acquaintances of my own, move in respectable society, and running imminent risk of detection, would have all to lose and nothing to gain by the stupid trick of imitating “sperrits.”

2ndly.—Because the voices that have greeted me at the houses of these unpaid mediums have also subsequently conversed with me at private *seances* at Mrs Marshall's, and have there exhibited the same peculiarities as to tone, expression, pitch, volume, and pronunciation, as upon the former occasions.

3rdly.—Because these voices have conversed with me upon matters known to me alone, and of a nature so personal and private that I am perfectly certain that no one present at any of the *seances* except myself could by any possibility have been cognisant of them.

4thly.—Because the voices have often foretold events about to happen, which events have invariably come to pass.

These dark *seances* of which I have spoken generally ended with the appearance of blue or red lights over the spectators' heads, and with the copious sprinkling of delicious perfumes. “On me, even on me, who now speak, descended violet odours.”

A few more facts, and I have done. On Wednesday, June 23rd, 1869, having accidentally met with Mr Gardner (a spiritualist, and contributor to a spiritual magazine called *Human Nature*), he proposed introducing me to a trance-medium, Mr F. Herne, of Great Coram Street, Russell Square. I assenting, we went there together, and having been left alone with the medium, I had a *tête à tête seance* with him. Mr Herne fell into a trance, and whilst in this state five voices spoke through him to me. Three of these were unknown to me, but the other two I recognised immediately, as if they had spoken to me in the flesh. One of them was the voice of the dearest friend and relation I ever possessed. She spoke to me of family matters, so intimate and, I may say, sacred in their character, that the supposition that Mr Herne (a man I had never even seen before), or anybody else, could by any possibility have known of them, would be an insult to my common sense to entertain for one moment. On awakening from the trance, Mr Herne complained of great pain in his back, and observed that the spirit who had just quitted him must have so suffered during life. This was perfectly true; the dear friend to whom (I am firmly assured) I had even then been speaking, did, from the cradle to the grave, suffer acute pain in the three upper vertebræ of her spinal column.

I know a lady in Bristol who was so short-sighted that, even with powerful glasses, she had great difficulty in reading the largest print. Four years ago, she (having then developed into a writing medium) was impelled, as she says, by her mother's spirit to write to this effect, "Discard spectacles, have faith, and you will soon recover your sight." She did so, and the effect followed almost immediately. I have seen her frequently since engaged, by candle-light, in delicate and minute embroidery. This same lady had her front upper teeth nearly forty-five degrees out of the perpendicular. In the course of a few days after receiving a message purporting to come from the same spirit, her teeth became perfectly straight, without the intervention of a dentist. I have begged this lady to allow me to use her name in connection with these facts, but she has objected, assigning as a reason the ridiculous nature of the last phenomenon. I will not be so ungallant as to disobey her, but I will give the names of two or three gentlemen who are, like myself, personally cognisant of the facts I have above narrated:—I will mention Messieurs Watson, Blackwell, and John Beattie, all of Bristol or Clifton.

These facts are only a handful compared with those which I have experienced during four years of persistent investigation. After such evidence brought home to me in so extraordinary a manner, I should deserve to fall from man's estate and dwindle into "*simia gigantis formosa*," nay, into "*gorilla litiputiana stupidissima*," if I still allowed a doubt to enter my mind as to the causes producing these effects. With regard to the philosophy of Spiritualism—a new philosophy, indeed, but boasting a vast polyglot literature, which for profundity and variety of thought has no parallel—I would refer the committee to the list of books supplied to them by Mr William Howitt.

I would earnestly entreat of the committee, to become as much as possible acquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism, before com-

piling and publishing their report. As to those fatally clever men who, approaching the subject with a jaunty indifference, after half an hour's examination pronounce it "a delusion," and denounce those who believe in it as "credulous,"—let me remind these gentlemen that the worst form of credulity is a persistent belief in the non-existence of things which do exist. In all their diatribes and philippics against Spiritualism, these persons have, in sooth, themselves shown an amount of credulity painful to consider. They believe, for instance, that a man of the calibre, say, of Baron Caprara (the head of the spiritualists of Italy, and one of the chief literary ornaments of that country,) would inveigle under his roof a score of truth-seekers,—men of learning and experience like himself,—and gravely put them through such a scene as I will now endeavour to depict. The host's wife and daughter (the *mediums*) come into the room, the one with a perfect arsenal of tongs, hooks, and pokers concealed under her vast crinoline, whilst the other, a young lady of eighteen, bears hidden about her person the strippings of a large conservatory. The *seance* begins. The company of mature *gobemouches*, eyes, ears, and mouths wide open, seat themselves with their host and his *educated* family round the mahogany. The light is excluded; the baron begins immediately to put in motion an electric machine for the purpose of producing the "spirit raps;" after which the butler (hidden behind a false wall contrived for the occasion) cries out through a marine trumpet, "*Ho, ho, ha, ha, io sono 'spirto gentil; come sta?*" (this representing the "spirit voices.") Then comes the young lady's turn, and she flings the flowers wherewith she is provided, broadcast where she imagines the heads of the guests to be; meanwhile the baroness, not to be behindhand, is busy poking, pinching, and hooking the "understandings" of the investigators in turn, and "Tiger" who has all this time been playing spirit-music on a handle accordion from under the ottoman, coming out of his retreat, buffets the *believers* with pneumatic indiarubber hands, that collapse under the touch, and whispers prophetic words in their ears, and in "very," "very" choice Italian. By this time the indefatigable butler has let loose boxful of glow-worms, whilst James the footman lights some lucifer matches and fusees which he introduces through holes in the ceiling from the room above. The many-coloured stars attract the attention of the learned geese present, but their eyes soon wink and smart under a shower of *eau de cologne*, for the ingenious baron has contrived several mechanical squirts, which are suspended from the ceiling and put in motion by a string. The *seance* is over; the edified company are ushered into the supper room, where an elegant repast is provided for their *bodily* delectation; and, when they depart, their estimable host pats them on the back, and hopes they will soon *come again*. When the last of the bamboozled ones has left, and "the lights are extinguished, the revellers gone," this disinterested and novel Cagliostro puts out his tongue, winks at his delighted spouse and daughter, and, like Barham's vulgar little boy "puts his thumb unto his olfactory organ and ventilates his fingers so." Moreover (*mirabile dictu!*) the guests (of whom the majority are men of some distinction in the worlds of literature and science, who have seen many years out of school, and many lands) return eagerly again and again to these *seances*, and at others in different

parts of the world, never for one moment suspecting the abominable system of trickery, of which they have been made the victims. Yes; this is the way in which some philosophers *explain* the phenomena at these *seances*; this is what these precursors of knowledge, these Mentors of the rising generations, persist in believing to be the true state of things, and then they curl their lips and dub the spiritualists "credulous!" What a ludicrous spectacle! View Science demanding of Spiritualism whether she beholds anything verdant in her visual organ! Meanwhile, look at home for a moment, and mark Professor Cayenne showing the only "original, real, veritable, and legitimate" ghost (for the small consideration of one shilling); see him— indefatigable scientist!—demonstrating the rising of a hat (and of the wind) at the Polly-pic-nic. Well done Cayenne! thou hast ennobled the ministry of science! Then behold F.F.R.'s throwing stones at the spirits and then running away; and affrighted (but *not wise*) D.D.'s fearing it is "alas" too true; while stoical M.D.'s coolly assure them it is ALL fudge; without speaking of stolid newsmongers who crack their spleens and distort facts until men of sense are tempted to exclaim with the Italian satirist—

O, educated, educating educators!

In the midst, perhaps, even on account of all this *tintamarre* din and clatter, infant Spiritualism is, through measles, hooping-cough, and chicken pox, developing into a fine cherub. It already shows its first teeth, and depend upon it, will soon talk fluently and convince the Godfrey's-cordial-besotted Mrs Grundy—

1st, That creation is not a huge useless machine—cumbrous and obsolete as is the Irish Church in Mr John Bright's eyes—but, a living truth, a sublime conception.

2nd, That man is not a talking baboon, but an immortal being.

3rd, That life is not a Comto-Buchner burlesque, but a glorious and eternal reality.

Thus I conclude. If I have said too much, forgive me as one zealous for a cause which he believes to be just. Every man has his peculiarities; mine is to write as I speak, and to speak and write as I think and know.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Clifton, July 10, 1869.

G. DAMIANI.

DIRECT SPIRIT WRITING—SPIRIT MUSIC—THE SPIRIT VOICE.

(To the Editor.)

YOUR readers are already well acquainted with the phenomena which usually occur at Mr and Mrs Everitt's circle, Pentonville, London, therefore I need not repeat what has been so fully described. It has been my good fortune, however, to be present at some of these seances during my recent visit to London, and I take the pleasure of recording some phenomena of a very unusual kind, which I have not observed in your pages before. On the evening to which I refer, our circle was a very select one. It consisted of two couples besides Mr and Mrs Everitt, myself, and Mrs Nisbet. After the party had engaged in conversation for some time, the circle was formed, and a portion of

Scripture was read, selected by the spirits, which illustrated some topics of the previous conversation. The subject was further continued by the spirits and the circle, after which Mrs Everitt became entranced, when she wrote replies to the questions brought forward by the members of the seance. When the light was put out specimens of direct spirit-writing were produced, and what indicated their genuineness in a remarkable manner was, that although these writings were produced on sheets of paper previously almost covered with writing, yet they were inserted in the vacant spaces as accurately as if they had been done in the light by an ordinary penman. Mrs Everitt, in the trance, then removed to near the piano, on the top of which she placed the tube. "John Watt" then began speaking, but was unable to make his voice distinct for want of power. The most remarkable phenomenon, however, is yet to be described. The piano is a "cottage" one, and the lid over the keys was shut down. Soon, however, a kind of lullaby was begun, not on the keys but on the wires, as if they were being gently thrummed by the finger nail. The sounds were rather harmonious and agreeable, and several times, in a most exquisite manner, they seemed to die away softly in the far distance; afterwards, a simple melody was played on the keys of the closed instrument. Later in the evening the table was moved by spirit power, so as to push Mrs Everett to the side of the room most distant from the piano; having pinned her against the wall, the table rose up and placed its foot on her dress. She was not in the trance at this time. Footsteps were then heard in the room, and Mrs Nisbet was touched by the passing spirit, who brought the tube from its position on the piano and carried it all round the circle, speaking to various persons who composed it, sometimes at a considerable distance from the medium. Another remarkable point deserves to be noticed. Mrs Everitt being in her conscious normal state, spoke while the spirit voice was also speaking. She observed, however, that on her first attempt her lips moved, but no articulate sounds were produced. Her speaking did not satisfy "John Watt," who immediately said to her, "Hold your tongue, I say, you are exhausting the power; if you speak I must put you to sleep," and shortly thereafter he did put her in the trance, and retained all the power available for his own use. These phenomena, produced in such a way as to defy collusion or deception, were the most satisfactory which I have had the pleasure of witnessing, and entirely convinced me (if such had been necessary) of the honesty and genuineness of the medium and the reality of spiritual phenomena. H. NISBET.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

LAST Saturday the following letter from Mr C. F. Varley, C.E., F.R.G.S., the well-known electrician, reached London from Brest, whence it was posted just before the starting of the Great Eastern with the French Atlantic Cable :—

"Fleetwood House, Beckenham, Kent,
June 16, 1869.

"My dear Sir—Last Monday week I witnessed at a seance a phenomenon which is new to me. There were nine ladies and gentlemen

present. The seance was held in a private house, the residence of an engineer, in a room unburdened with an excess of furniture, and with sufficient light to enable us to distinguish the features of all present, the light being furnished by a street lamp outside, as well as by the twilight, the two windows being uncovered either by blinds or shutters.

"The medium present was Mr D. D. Home. The company consisted of the son of an earl of considerable talents, three civil engineers including myself, a private gentleman, and four ladies, two of whom are well known for their ability. Two of the company were sceptics receiving their first lesson.

"The usual phenomena took place, such as the raising of the table bodily from the floor, the tilting of it in various directions, and pushing us about the room, mental questions being answered by raps, to the great astonishment of the novices, one of whom was very properly very sharp in demanding proof and making close scrutiny.

"Opposite one of the ladies, and about twelve inches from the nearest hand, there was lying on the table a scent-bottle, about 4 inches long by $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch broad. The table was a large round one of mahogany, without any cover. Mr Home was on the opposite side of the table to the bottle. One of the engineers and one of the ladies present possessed the power of seeing what Reichenbach calls the flames of magnetic poles, and these two saw a pyramid of light over the scent-bottle, whilst two others, endowed with clairvoyant vision of a deeper kind saw a hand. I am unable to see these appearances except upon very rare occasions, and in this instance saw nothing of them.

"Shortly after these phenomena had been described to the rest of us, the scent-bottle began to rock very rapidly, producing much noise, and making about 8 or 10 beats per second for about half a minute. Then it began gyrating, the rocking motion continuing during the gyrations, and we all nine of us sat watching this motion for a about a minute and a-half. This is one of the prettiest and most complete pieces of evidence I have had of bodies possessed of weight moving without anybody or anything visible to me touching the same.

"There is a circumstance of some interest to students connected with physical manifestations; for, in order to obtain them with power, it is necessary that the minds of those present should be in as passive a state as possible during the collection from the medium and others present of the power necessary to produce the phenomena. Unless these conditions be complied with, the presence of people with very active minds weakens or destroys the power, but as soon as the phenomena commence, then the activity of the brains of observers is not detrimental. I have very often found that my presence puts a stop to, or greatly weakens, the physical manifestations; and last Monday week two of us were repeatedly called to order by raps, and told to engage in light conversation till the phenomena commenced. This is the reason why, more especially with weak media, some scientific men have failed to get any satisfactory results, where less active people succeed with ease.

"The spiritual beings who produce the physical phenomena seem in almost all cases to be very limited in intelligence, generally more so than any of the human beings present. With the clairvoyant pheno-

mena, especially where the medium is capable of being entranced by the unseen intelligences themselves, the activity of the brains of those present does not impede the manifestations, at least as far as my experience goes. Through the latter sources of communication one is frequently enabled to converse with intelligences, spirits, or whatever you like to call them, whose knowledge is in advance of our own on many points.

"The process of dying does not seem to add to the intelligence of an individual, so far as I have been able to observe. It seems to be merely a change of state. Superstition seems to reign on the other side of the grave as much as on this, and appears to be as difficult to eradicate as here.

"There is one more point to which I should like to draw the attention of the society, and it is one in which all of those who may be called 'rational' mediums concur, namely, that a sudden and violent death is very prejudicial to an individual in the next life. Such a man is nearer in condition to material bodies than those who die a gradual natural death; and when his wisdom is of so low a character that he is maliciously inclined, he is much more able to influence prejudicially those on earth than are those who have died a natural death. I am fully persuaded that inquiry into this branch of the subject will lead to the termination of capital punishment on what may be termed 'selfish' grounds; because when a criminal of the lowest type is executed, the lowness of his type, added to his violent death, makes him a spirit very nearly material in nature. Such beings seem to derive great pleasure in doing mischief, and, as they possess the power of influencing the thoughts of those on earth, delight in stimulating others to imitate their own low nature, the weak-minded being their chief victims.

"I am sorry one of the London evening papers has printed a burlesque of the weakest part of the evidence I delivered before you. People reading that burlesque would, among other things, fancy that I stated that there is no relation between what are called the spiritual and the other known material forces. What I stated at the meeting was, that I had been unable to discover the correlation.

"While the committee are undecided in their opinions about the physical phenomena, which are but the very footstool of the subject, it is out of place to say much of the uses of Spiritualism. One important fact you may learn by questioning the witnesses, namely, that all who have been seriously following up the subject, and have been gradually coming into communication with their departed friends have, bit by bit, lost the fear of death. Many, in fact, look forward to it as to promotion. The teachings already received from the higher spirits have, many of them, been left unrecorded, but some of them will be found in the literature of the subject, which is almost wholly American, and comprises hundreds of volumes published during the last twenty years. The books are obtainable in London only, so far as I know, at the library of Mr Burns, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square. Of the English works, that by Mrs and Professor De Morgan is about the best.

"Before concluding I wish again to impress upon the committee and

all spiritualists that no one should rely upon his own evidence as conclusive, unless supported by collateral testimony. It was for this reason that when before you I cited chiefly those cases in which the same information had been communicated to me, and to others at a distance from me, at the same time neither of us expecting the messages delivered. I omitted many of the more striking cases not so corroborated by others. I hope that spiritualists will not object to my stating that as a body I think them far too credulous.

“What is wanted at the present time is that those ladies and gentlemen who have the time and ability to investigate should combine, and then take up the different branches of these extensive questions, and pursue the inquiries with the same perseverance that characterises the investigators of natural philosophy, making it a rule to accept nothing as true until denial becomes impossible.

“In my opinion it is a grievous pity that so much attention is given to fiction, and so little to the truths which are being revealed by astronomy, geology, chemistry, and natural philosophy generally. These studies reveal truths before which the interest of the greatest fiction pales. Were children taught more of these interesting facts, and less of fiction, superstition would find fewer dupes, to the great moral progress of the world.—I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

“C. F. VARLEY.

“To the Secretary of the Dialectical Society.”

—*Daily Telegraph*, June 28th, 1869.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

A WORD WITH MY CRITICS.

I AM sorry that I must intrude again, but Mr Burns says that “Mr Atkinson thinks we have treated him unhandsomely in introducing counter arguments to his letters, and in ridiculing the philosophy of Positivism.” This is quite wrong. What I objected to was the vulgar personal abuse, and the use of insulting expressions, and of ridicule in place of argument. Nay, even Mr Burns himself, in his very effort to excuse himself, now terms the opinions of those who differ from him “chaff and stubble,” and speaks of the “blind and bigotted opponent of Spiritualism.” Now I think that Mr Burns would hardly approve of his opponent denouncing him as a blind bigot, whose talk was mere chaff and stubble, and whose philosophy was simply ridiculous, and would not anyhow consider such expressions to be “unassailable arguments;” and Mr Burns is quite wrong in supposing me to be a follower of Comte. If he does not know the distinction between the philosophy of Bacon and that of Comte, it is time he learnt, as the conductor of a philosophical periodical, or his judgments will not be held to have quite the value he himself seems to attach to them.

The four first lines by “Anthropologos” expresses the fundamental position of Comte, from which as a Baconian I wholly differ. He says —“A new school of philosophy is the ‘Unknowable.’ Apart from the

absurdity of predicating the existence of any thing, condition, or power which is 'unknowable,' this new school appears to know much more than the party whom it opposes. Mr Atkinson, a distinguished exponent of the sect," &c. Here we have the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte upheld, whilst the opposite philosophy of Bacon is deemed ridiculous; for what is expressed is precisely the view of Comte—that as we cannot possibly learn anything in regard to causation, we cannot say that any such power exists, and we must rest content with observing the sequence and order of phenomena; but which was not original with Comte, for Hume had said the same thing long before; though with Hume it was merely a question of logical argument, for he really believed just as much in causation and in an external world as I do, and for exactly the same reason. But how "Anthropologos" gets to the knowledge of mind preceding objects in an absolute creation of intelligence, which he terms God, he does not tell us, except that he imagines the universe to have been at some time composed of unformed substance, which he calls "no-thing;" and he cannot conceive how this said material (substance) could work itself up into the mighty fabric of the universe without a fabricator, in the nature of an all-powerful intelligent being—the devil of course is left out of the question. Now this can be only assumption; and is it not something more? Is it not presumption to suppose that we poor finite and feeble human beings can sit down and complacently weigh and measure out the hidden and mysterious power and formative principle of universal nature, and reversing the order of facts in doing so? For so far as we know and have any experience, the mental phenomena have always a physical base—are always preceded by a material formation; and most certainly—call it matter or spirit—intelligence has always an unconscious source, or the percipient would be the perception, and so also in regard to the instincts and appetites of animals. So that the notion of a first intelligence gives no idea of its source and cause, but ascribes an artificial origin to nature rather than a miraculous one, and leaves us as regards the nature of causation just where we were—merely putting the question off without ever getting nearer to a solution. And one of the remarkable things about the modern Spiritualism is that it does not help us in the least degree to divine the nature of the absolute and formative principle of that in regard to which Bacon relates the story of Simonides, who, on being asked of Hiero "what he thought of God?" asked a seven-night's time to consider it, and at the seven-night's end he asked a fortnight's time, at the fortnight's end a month. At which Hiero marvelling, Simonides answered—"That the longer he thought upon the matter the more difficult he found it." Because there is nothing that we can imagine from what we know but we must ascribe to a fundamental source which is not knowable, and what Mr Wallace says, after Hamilton, Mill, and Mr Herbert Spence, must even be absolutely unthinkable, whether you term it God, or the primary cause, or what you will. What I said in regard to Lord Bacon's opinion in reference to spirits and "the force of the imagination," was exactly correct; and Mr Tomlinson's perversion of Bacon's clear meaning, by omitting the introductory portion of the passage, is to me astonishing—that is, how a man can open a book with a full and clear statement

before him, and allow his prejudices to work him wrong in such a strange way.

The "bottomless follies" which Bacon deemed monstrous, referred to the supposition of Pythagoras and the rest—that the world was actually a great living monster, possessing a soul or spirit, and that the ebbing and flowing of the sea was the breathing of the creature; and that through this universal spirit we might be made sensible of what was occurring at any distance, just as we have a sense of an action taking place in any part of our bodies. Hence, it was this monstrous spiritual belief that he rejected with so much scorn; as well as the exalting of the imagination by Paracelsus and others into an unlimited and non-natural power and "miracle-working faith." But that Bacon did not discredit the power of the imagination is certain by his suggesting that experiments should be tried, and even upon plants and trees; and that he did believe in distant influences for all that is quoted in regard to witchcraft, is equally certain from his own account of his dream in Paris, at the time of the death of his father in London. Besides the other stories referred to—and I submit that if Bacon did but "truckle to the times," it was not merely in regard to spirits being evil but in respect to their existence at all—the following passage seems to imply as much:—"There are other philosophers who have diligently and accurately attended to a few experiments, and have thence presumed to deduce and invent systems of philosophy, forming everything to conformity with them. A third set, from their faith and religious veneration, introduce theology and traditions—the absurdity of some amongst them having proceeded so far as to seek and derive the sciences from spirits and genii. There are therefore three sources of error, and three species of false philosophy—the sophistic, empiric, and superstitious."

Now I think after this the question of spirits need not be "a sore subject" to the so-called "positivists" and men of pure science. Bacon believed in evil spirits, if he did believe in spirits at all, just as he believed in witchcraft: it was one of the "vulgar errors" of the time. But his opinion on any such matter now is of no more importance than his disbelief in the motion of the earth, except that it exemplifies the need of his inductive method, and shows how easily we may be deceived in first impression. What he would say now would be—"Investigate the facts in all their correlations, and compare the whole after the manner set down, but without prejudice or a leaning to one side or another; and do not anticipate the result by any hastily formed theory, however it may at first seem to best account for the facts." And this is the method which I for one intend to pursue, and whether I meet with approval or disapproval concerns me very little.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

THE "STELLAR KEY" CRITICISED.

OUR esteemed correspondent Mr James Howell, of Brighton, favoured us some time ago with a critique on Mr Davis's "Stellar Key to the Summer Land." Our space has not enabled us to give insertion to his remarks hitherto, and now we shall have to content ourselves with making extracts. It will appear in the same number with the article by Mrs Davis bearing on the same subject. Such criticisms are useful in

showing what the popular mind, even in the case of well educated persons, requires to enable it to comprehend what is meant by the writers on spiritual philosophy. Unfortunately Mr Howell's letter is much richer in declamation than in argument. It may be that his "plane of thought," as illustrated in Mr Jackson's able article last month, does not enable him to take the same view of the subject as others are capable of doing. The majority of minds require a course of education in these new forms of thought, before they can successfully grapple with them.

"The author tells us that his book is designed to furnish scientific and philosophical evidences of the existence of an inhabited sphere or zone among the suns and planets of space, but according to my own judgment, though he splendidly imagines such a zone, he most singularly fails to prove there is one. Besides, the locality he conceives it to be in is most unfortunate. For if the Summer Land (see frontispiece) is within the zone of the milky way, how can it be revolving near its grand orbit (a physical impossibility) as stated at page 159? Now it was the opinion of the elder Herschel (quoted by Nichol in his 'Architecture of the Heavens,' page 238), that 'the milky way is breaking up into stellar aggregates of various forms, and that it will cease to be a stratum of stars.' From this I infer that if we poor spirits take up our abode in that region, we shall soon have to migrate, as the gravitating influences of those fiery orbs shooting round and about our summer land, would be alike destructive of its durability and the peace of its spiritual inhabitants. Eternal durability! Where will Jackson Davis find it in our stellar universe? No permanence, no stability! Change, change, everywhere! and without it, what would all life become? For life itself is said to be the effect of change; and if so, why should spirit rest?—composed, as the author tells us it is, of highly refined and sublimated matter; for the more refined this matter is, then the more restless in proportion should spirit be. Oxygen is comparatively still in the adamantine rock, but busy enough in the atmosphere.

"To me spirit and seer seem to know little more of the great unknown than we that are embodied, and it is a question whether many of the world's master-minds could not enlighten their ignorance. How different the information we obtain of spirit land through the mediumship of Judge Edmonds and Jackson Davis! And are we not right then in concluding that both spirit and seer are as ignorant of what lies behind the veil as ourselves? Judge Edmonds' spirit says that Juno is our Summer Land, and that its diameter is 6,500 miles. Schroeter, and Phillips in his 'Worlds beyond the Earth,' make it respectively 1,494 and 1,480 miles; yet this ignorant spirit deponeth that the diameter of this comparatively small asteroid is only 1,412 miles less than that of our own planet. From whence came his knowledge? I am afraid that the imaginations of some of the greatest spiritualists are wild steeds, without the rider reason to guide them. Their accounts differ so much, that I cannot take their evidence in my court of justice. The idea of mankind grinding a spiritual atmosphere by millions of tons annually, which pours like a mighty river through space into Summer Land! How absurd!"—Perhaps some of our correspondents may take up this topic, and offer some useful remarks.

THE MERITS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I read with satisfaction the circular published in your last issue, headed and not without warrant, “Progress in Life Insurance.” Regarding as I do every insurance agent as a messenger of peace, a benefactor of every individual he induces to insure, and also as an elevator of society in general, I cordially agree with your concluding remarks, and wish you success in making generally known amongst your friends an office which offers such equitable terms to would-be insurers. Being greatly interested in the life insurance movement, and knowing the principles hitherto placed before the public to be but little understood by them, and that which they do understand they so little appreciate, I offer you a few thoughts which may enlighten some of your readers. If you think them worthy of a place in your magazine, I know you will give the needful space.

To be understood in the outset, I would define life insurance to be a contract between two persons who agree as follows:—A B says to C D, I will pay over to your representatives after you depart this life, or to you upon your attaining an agreed upon age, a certain sum, say £1000, provided you will yearly, until your decease, or until you attain the age agreed upon, pay to me a certain sum, say £20.

Now the question arises, Do men at the present time need to enter into such contracts? Let men of the present time answer, and thus they plead, “We are continually founding and subscribing to institutions whose only object is to provide for those unprovided for.” Do you need any other answer? How comes about this state of things? Because the majority of our parents, many generations since, lost their birthright of *long life*, and the children are not yet wise enough to seek it again. In time long past, 70 years was the average life of man; now the Registrar General says it is but 41 years. O man, 29 valuable years of earth-life lost in the bottomless pit of ignorance! Thanks to you and the literature you circulate, many of your readers *are* now becoming wise, not so much to their own salvation, or their children’s, but to their children’s children. However, anticipation is not my theme, but the *fact* that man’s life is now but 41 years in duration is the thought to dwell upon. And thus is made clear the absolute impossibility of the majority of mankind in this age of fierce commercial competition and external show, saving sufficient to leave their families provided for; and thus is the necessity that the majority of men should enter into the contract above named, made clear. But many men reason in this manner: I am healthy and strong, my life may be a long one, I have a good business, need I insure? Let the answer go to them as follows:—If *you know* you will live in this state of existence, say 30 years from this time, you will, if prudent, be enabled to save a sum sufficient for your wants. But do you know you will live? Rather you know that the *certainty of the individual life is uncertain*, therefore the prudent thing to do is to insure to the amount you have decided upon as needful.

If would-be insurers want great names to be their advisers let them listen—Benjamin Franklin speaks, A.D. 1767. He says,—“A policy

of life insurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making provision for one's family."

Lord Lyndhurst, speaking from the woolsack, says,—“A policy of life insurance is an evidence of prudent forethought,—no man, with a dependent family, can be free from reproach if he be without one.”

Lord Brougham says,—“Life assurance should be ranked amongst the noblest institutions of our country.”

And Professor De Morgan gives his opinion—“That there is nothing in the commercial world which approaches even remotely the security of a well established and prudently managed assurance company.”

Notwithstanding all this testimony, the fact is, a very small minority of assurable lives are insured. Why is this? Is it so in other countries? No, in America where insurance has been but twenty years in existence, the number of policies in force is half as many again as in the mother country, whose business is 150 years older. But a clearer idea of the progressive increase of business in America is better shown by figures. I take the following table from the Reporter:—

Years.	Number of Policies in Force.	Insuring.	Annual Premium Income.
1863	£99,095	£53,531,735	£1,698,793
1864	146,729	79,160,610	2,636,394
1865	209,392	116,176,450	4,316,221
1866	305,390	173,021,175	7,239,579
1867	401,104	232,345,955	10,076,666
1868	526,594	302,287,993	13,851,577

The difference in amount of business is seen in greater contrast by the next comparison, which is between one of the American offices (of course I have selected the largest) and *eight* of the largest of our own.

	No. of Policies in one Year.	Insuring.
One American Office,	18,895	£11,804,423
Eight English,	4,613	2,750,624
Balance in favour of one American Office over eight English in one Year's Business.	14,282	£9,153,799

Here the question arises, Are there more assurable lives in America than in England? No, there are not, the balance is in favour of England. Then, are our cousins more provident than we, or are they more alive to the advantages of life insurance? We should not say they were. Why, then, the difference? Because of the greater advantages of their system. Every insurer in America knows that when he has paid only one premium he has an equitable surrender value which he can take out if he wish, whilst the contrary is the case here; for in England every insurer knows that but few offices give a surrender value at all until three yearly premiums have been paid, and then it is so paltry that it is not worth having. I have before me at this moment a letter from an insurer in the office which, in 1866, stood second in amount of new business done. He has paid for 10 years, and his premiums amount to £700. He wrote to the office to know the surrender value, and he thus expresses himself on the receipt of the

reply—"I was astounded at the smallness of the amount they offered" (it was less than one-fourth). So he went on paying his premiums rather than lose so much. This knowledge operates prejudicially to the development of insurance business; for my friend continues, and he expresses the true feeling of the majority,—“I have for some years felt the absence of that (a fair surrender value) to be a great drawback to one whose income is limited; and I would not advise any man to insure unless he began very early in life, simply *because he must, at any inconvenience*, continue his premiums until death, or sacrifice whatever amount he may have paid.” ’Tis not many weeks ago since the chairman of one of the existing offices congratulated the shareholders upon all their expenses being met by *lapsed policies*. A matter of congratulation was it? Did the chairman think of the loss of years of saving to pay those very premiums which, by various chances, had now fallen into the lap of the shareholders? No, or if he did, what did he care? Was he his brother’s keeper?

Assurance business is very mysterious to the general public, and they ask questions such as these:—

Why does one office charge £2 10s 9d per centum for what another offers to do at £1 14s 6d? Are both safe?

Why do not all offices publish their accounts? and why do some whose accounts are published, render them in a form that can be understood by no one but their own actuary?

When premium funds are invested in Spanish bonds and foreign securities, is it right to call policies dependent on such securities, “Absolute Security Policies”?

Why do some offices absorb all the first year’s premium in expenses; and others from 50 to 60 per cent., when we know the same work can be done for 20 per cent.?

Why was it necessary for Right Hon. Stephen Cave to submit his bill to the managers of existing offices as he has done, for a notice of it appears in one of the best financial journals, and is headed thus:—“The new Life Assurance Bill as *amended by the offices*.” “True,” the writer concludes with, “We see nothing to complain of in this amended bill.” But such commendation is only negative after all. In the journal quoted above, there are notices of two new offices established on principles equitable alike to policy and shareholders, and there is also a second notice or rather a second exhaustive article on the very corporation you have placed before your readers. One of the offices offers inducements to the labouring man. The table says that

A Man Aged 27, for Threepence weekly, can insure £20 at Death.				
„	Sixpence	„	„	40
„	Twelvepence	„	„	100

But if he wish to receive the money himself, at 60 years of age he obtains for

His weekly Threepence on obtaining 60 years, £16.			
„	Sixpence	„	32.

And the notice of this office is concluded in the following words:—“We have been much struck by the novelty, but nevertheless the perfect soundness of the entire system.” The second presents improved life

insurance or "positive" policies; whilst the third, the British Imperial Insurance Corporation offers, on every hand, such remarkable inducements to insurers, that from a perusal of this notice alone we may honestly say there is "Progress in Life Insurance."

It will be advantageous to note some of these new features. First, the corporation has the advantage of possessing as its actuary and auditor the celebrated Dr Farr, of Somerset House, the author of the Government system of Post Office Insurances. Second, the life table, upon which its rates of premium are calculated, is the national English life table, the only true index of human life in this country. Third, the corporation states openly what proportion of the premium fund is retained for expenses and profit. Fourth, the entire net premiums are invested in Government securities, *i.e.*, the New 3 per cent. reduced. Fifth, local trustees are appointed in every district, and the premiums are invested in their names for the benefit of the insurants of that district only—each district is therefore a society in miniature, and the agent for the district is secretary. Sixth, there is a *surrender value payable on demand*, equal to from 50 to 80 per cent. of the net premiums. Seventh, a policy banking account is opened with each policy holder, equal in amount to the full surrender value of his policy, and upon this *balance at his banker's* he may draw at any time, and for any purpose, in fact he may use it as he would an ordinary balance at his own banker's. Such entirely new features have introduced a new era in life insurance, for the surrender value, *being payable on demand*, makes the policy a negotiable security, equal in value to a bank note, whilst the mode of investing premiums, and the banking account, fully warrants the title of "*Absolute Government Security*" and Banking Self and Life Insurance policies.

A table here will show more clearly these special advantages.

WHOLE LIFE WITH PROFITS.

Age next Birthday	Premium for £500.	Proportion in New 3 per cent.	Banking Account or Surrender Value.
30	£12 16 3	£10 5 0	£5 10 0 first year 29 10 0 fifth " 62 10 0 tenth "

TO INSURE £500 WITH PROFIT, PAYABLE AT 60 YEARS OF AGE.

Age next Birthday.	Premium with Profit.	Proportion in New 3 per cent.	Banking Account or Surrender Value.
30	£17 10 10	£14 7 1	£9 15 0 first year 52 5 0 fifth " 113 0 0 tenth "

TO INSURE £500 AT DEATH BY PAYING TEN YEARLY PREMIUMS ONLY.

Age next Birthday.	Premium.	Proportion in New 3 per cent.	Banking Account or Surrender Value.
30	£27 11 8	£22 1 4	£20 15 0 first year 111 10 0 fifth "

These advantages cannot be overrated, for it enables a man to insure without feeling his money will be lost if he cannot pay the premium, because after three years he can always borrow of the office sufficient to meet the payment when it becomes due.

You were correct in heading your advertisement "Progress in Life Insurance."

SOME TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

FROM the first chapter of Genesis down to the present day, WOMAN has figured largely in the world's literature. Mr Mill, true to the instincts of a man who is blessed with an excellent wife, has recently published a book entitled "The Subjection of Woman" (Longmans, 5s), a most valuable and thought-stirring work. The most advanced thinkers of our popular schools are now coming to realise some of the mighty problems hinted at by Andrew Jackson Davis, and other illuminated minds of some twenty years ago. Amongst progressives, woman has always been looked upon as a foremost instrument in the elevation of society. A tale admirably illustrating the same topic comes from the office of W. White & Co., Boston. The author is Mrs Waisbrooker, and the heroine "Alice Vale" (5s) is a noble specimen of the feminine, and triumphantly fights her way through difficulties which none but a woman could achieve. The tale is skilfully planned and admirably written. Progressive theology is attractively set forth and contrasted with the old theology. The nature of mediumship and the peculiarities of mediums is also illustrated in an attractive manner, and the work, as a whole, is an instructive and winning advocate of Spiritualism and progressive topics. These works treat principally of the social position of woman, but when we take up "Divinum Humanum in Creation" (Burns, 3s 6d), she becomes a "Divine Institution." "Woman is the handmaid to Deity, for he is humanised through her," says the writer. This volume of "Spiritual Revelings" by the author of "Primeval Man," is the most attractive and perspicuous work from that pen. The writer teaches a very remarkable theory of human existence, and handles her subject both in a theological and scientific manner. We may return to a consideration of its peculiarities on another occasion.

Now, while the friends of Mr J. W. Jackson, Glasgow, are agitating for a testimonial in his favour, it may not be considered out of place to allude to his published works. As a writer, the readers of *Human Nature* have learned to prize him long ago. His "Myths of Antiquity" are alone worth the price of the volumes in which they appear, while his philosophical articles in this and last number are beyond value. Scarcely less popular are his collected works. "The Peoples of Europe and the War in the East" (1s) is a suggestive pamphlet on the ethnology of Eastern Europe, and a scientific consideration of the causes which led to the late war with Russia. "Ethnology and Phrenology as an aid to the Historian" (4s) is a handsome volume of 324 pages teeming with information on the phrenology and physical and mental characteristics of the leading nations of the world of ancient and modern times. This is not a dull, dry, matter-of-fact book, but, like all Mr

Jackson's works, though true in scientific detail, it is pleasing and poetical in every expression. The study of mesmerism and the intuitive faculties of man have long been a speciality with Mr Jackson. We regret that his "Lectures on Mesmerism" (1s) are out of print, as also his "Lectures on Phrenology," a second edition of which is in course of preparation. "Mesmerism in connection with Popular Superstitions" (price 1s) gives a very ingenious explanation of hallucinations, apparitions, witchcraft, &c., and is a repository of curious phenomena. "Ecstasies of Genius" (1s 6d) is a most interesting work. It is a series of thirteen sketches, portraying the mental peculiarities of ancient and modern philosophers and religious teachers—Pythagoras, Mahomed, George Fox, Swedenborg, Joseph Smith, etc.—and explaining their intuitive and aspirational peculiarities. By many remarks, ethnological, phrenological, and historical, much information is given respecting the times in which these master minds flourished. Two other works by Mr Jackson demand our notice, namely, "Echoes of my Youth, and other poems" (2s 6d), an elegantly bound work suitable for presents, and the "Seer of Sinai, and other poems" (1s), which by referring to well-known scripture incidents illustrates the faculty of seership and prophecy.

More attractive than ever, and bristling with well executed wood engravings, is Mr Wells' instructive annual* for the current year. The popularity of phrenological science in America may be inferred from the immense circulation which such periodicals assume in that country. Mr Wells talks complacently of issuing one hundred thousand of the annual. Such works are far too little known in this country. We are anxious to do our own part to stimulate their extension among our readers, and offer as a supplement to our present number this attractive publication for a mere trifle.

A WORLD'S CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

IN anticipation of an INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS, which was proposed to take place in London this summer, HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., of Philadelphia, prepared an address for the occasion, of which we give the following extracts. Dr Child is one of the most earnest and devoted advocates of Spiritualism in America, and is beloved and respected by all who truly know him. He was the Secretary of the American NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND PROGRESSIVE REFORMERS that passed a resolution favouring a world's conference.

A D D R E S S.

FRIENDS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS!

As Brother Spear expects to be with you, he will speak his own words of suggestion and counsel. Unable to be present, I cannot forbear, even from the private walks of life, sending a brief word of greeting.

The last twenty years have been rich, more rich than any former period of equal duration, in all that is calculated to elevate and improve the conditions

* Annual of Physiognomy, Phrenology, &c., for 1869, 1s: to the readers of *Human Nature*, 3d.

of humanity. All the discoveries in science, in art, in philosophy, in religion, in social life, have, with a wonderful unanimity, tended towards the spiritual.

The grand discovery of the correlation of the forces leading to the still more grand and important one of the existence of a universal ether,—the pabulum in which all the suns and planets which revolve in space are bathed—from which they derive their motions—their lives, and everything that belongs to them, was a striking fact in connection with the doctrines necessarily involved in the theory of modern Spiritualism, which required a spiritual world immediately around each planet for the reception of those spirits who were constantly passing away from the material forms.

Twenty-two years ago there were heard, in a remote portion of the State of New York, slight sounds which began first to agitate individuals, then the neighbourhood, then the community around, until the State, the nation, aye, and the entire civilised world, have heard the echoing-notes of these sounds, apparently so insignificant, and yet embodying intelligence of the highest and most lasting importance to the welfare of the entire race of man.

Christianity, with its hundreds of sects, has failed to unite the family of man and remove the evils of isolation and enmity; but there is hope that the religion of Spiritualism, starting from the manifestations referred to, shall evolve a philosophy adapted to the demands of the intelligent minds of the age, from the results of which may be realised the most practical and effectual means of harmonising the race and extending a more profound consciousness of *the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man*.

Such is the result which must flow from this soul-awakening religion and philosophy, dissolving the bonds of sectarianism, and the cold and unfriendly relations that too often exist between nations, so that in the language of one of England's great poets (Cowper)—

“Lands separated by a narrow frith abhor each other.”

Every movement of the tidal wave of Spiritualism, while it brings the spiritual world nearer to humanity, also brings man nearer to his fellow-man.

The object of the great movement which characterises our age is not alone to reveal the presence of the spirits and establish the fact of continued existence, but to open to the human mind a vast field for investigation, to clear away the mists and fogs of superstition, to break down the iron bars of dogmatism and blind authority, and invite the mind to enter with greater freedom than has ever before been realised. The past, with its rich treasures, the present with its abundance of facts and phenomena, illuminated by the light of the inner-world, are before us, and the future, so dim and uncertain to man's unaided vision, is all radiant with hope and light to us. Such a faith and such experiences bind man to his fellow-man with chains firmer than adamant. Hence among the millions who have enlisted under the banners of Spiritualism there is a common bond of fraternity, a beautiful unity in diversity which, while it gives to each individual the largest freedom of thought, binds us together in a community of interests and feelings such as has never before been known on earth.

As we become more familiar with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, and learn something of their habits and customs, we may hope to inaugurate some of these among ourselves. That such conferences as these are common among the dwellers of the inner-life there can be no doubt; and as commerce and civilisation render the facilities of travel greater, we are continually approximating towards those conditions in which there is a greater freedom of intercourse.

Thus are the beautiful bonds of brotherhood strengthened, and we are

enabled by frequent associations with our fellow-men to realise much more fully the common nature and destiny of the race.

Meeting upon the broad ground of spirituality, with an enlarged and comprehensive faith in the all-loving Father, and a knowledge of the vast concourse of "the heavenly hosts," whose visits are no longer "few and far between," but whose intercourse, communion, and guardianship are rapidly becoming the common experiences of humanity, with a better conception of human rights and human destinies, I trust you will be able to strengthen each other in all good works, and to send forth to the world such an influence as shall carry peace and harmony to millions of seeking souls.

May the angels, whom our Father in Heaven hath set to watch over us, guard and guide you all in wisdom, is the desire of your friend and brother,

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.,
634 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

THE NOTTINGHAM LYCEUM PIC-NIC.—The third anniversary of the Nottingham Children's Progressive Lyceum took place on Tuesday, July 13th. As it was "Race Week," the committee had to select a spot some distance from the Race-Course to secure privacy. A very suitable place was found opposite Clifton Hall, about four miles from town. The transit was made by boat on the canal, and a very pleasant sail it was. Having arrived at their destination the party eagerly engaged in sports and pastimes until tea-time, when an abundant repast was partaken of by all. After tea the groups were arranged in their appropriate order and marched to an enclosure, where they went through their exercises and singing in a very delightful manner. The care and enthusiasm with which both leaders and children entered into these exercises reflects the highest credit on them all. The manner in which they acquitted themselves indicated that much care has been taken in the training of the groups. After this the company retired to a spacious tent where recitations were given by the children. Lizzie Ratford of "Star Group;" Johnny Lennox of "Lake Group;" Annie Barlow of "Stream Group;" Lizzie Lennox of "Shore Group;" Christiana Hitchcock of "Ocean Group;" Kate Davis of "Shore Group;" Kate Lennox of "Excelsior Group;" Miss E. Hitchcock of "Liberty Group;" Thomas Lennox of "Star Group;" Betsy Moreton of "Beacon Group;" Kate Barlow of "River Group;" Ellen Davis of "Excelsior Group;" and Thomas Hudson of "Beacon Group," were all on the programme, and recited pieces they had prepared in an admirable manner, though in various styles of excellence, showing the great value of Lyceum training, as some of the children were not five years of age. The Glee party enlivened the day by many snatches of merry song. The party returned by the boat in the evening, and during the passage had several speeches from entranced mediums. Next day, being also a holiday, another gathering was held at the Lyceum, when all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It was a pleasure to see the full enjoyment and rational amusement of the Lyceum compared with other parties who were also spending the "Race Holidays." We were sorry to see so few strangers present; Messrs G. Childs and J. Burns were

the only visitors from London. We hope to be able to announce the inauguration of the first London Lyceum soon.

BIRMINGHAM.—We had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Miss M. H. Osborn during a recent sojourn in London for the purpose of attending scientific lectures on physiology at South Kensington. We rejoice to learn that Miss Osborn is announced to commence a musical gymnastic class for ladies and children in the girls' school-room adjoining the Wesleyan Chapel, Cherry Street, Birmingham, on July 15th, 1869, at eight o'clock. Miss Osborn has rare natural abilities for the work of teacher in the departments of physiology, health, temperance, gymnastics, &c., and we hope she will be rewarded with a due proportion of success. Miss Beauclerc also continues her classes, which have been very successful. We have had a flying visit from Mr Burton, who gives special attention to phrenology, and has been studying at South Kensington. Some time ago, Mr Jabez Lones, West Bromwich, looked in upon us, and gave some encouraging instances of the progress of mesmerism, to which he gives special attention. Mr Hawkes devotes himself very earnestly to curative mesmerism at the institution recently formed in Ann Street. We wish our Birmingham friends much success in their noble efforts, which have been greatly exhilarated by the late visit of Mr Fowler to that town. A report of the soiree given to Mr and Mrs Fowler was mislaid by us, which terminated a course of some eighty lectures by the worthy professor, and he was presented by his friends with a purse of gold and other substantial tokens of their warm appreciation of his invaluable services.

The attempt to organise a World's Conference of spiritualists in London has been postponed.

A pic-nic of London spiritualists has been proposed this summer. Those who desire to take part in it are kindly requested to communicate with the manager of the Progressive Library.

A letter from our staunch friend, Mr Logan, Dunedin, New Zealand, informs us that Mr Mellers has arrived safely in the colony, and some developments of his peculiar mediumship are expected soon.

Mr Champernowne reports that Spiritualism is making rapid progress around Kingston-on-Thames. Mrs Champernowne is busily employed in her wonderful drawings, and other mediums are similarly employed.

DR J. B. FERGUSON.—We learn that our excellent friend and able coadjutor, Dr Ferguson, is now located in St Louis, Mo., and that he is associated with other friends of progress and general reform in obtaining lands on favourable conditions, which persons arriving in America may purchase. We wish him all success in this laudable effort. His address is 510 Chesnut Street, St Louis, Missouri, U.S. The name of his paper is *Merriman & Co.'s Real Estate Register*, and is sent free to parties who desire it.

Mr Thomas Dixon, of 15 Sunderland Street, Sunderland, is rendering good service to the cause of humanity by exposing the scoundrelism of those who manufacture spurious life-buoys, for drowning sailors at sea. Mr Dixon is himself a manufacturer of the genuine "corkwood" article,

and to open the eyes of mariners and the public to the iniquities and danger connected with the sale and use of what the *Daily Telegraph* called "deadly life-buoys," he has printed a number of tracts chiefly written by Mr James Greenwood of the *Morning Star*. Those who live in seaport towns should send a few stamps to Mr Dixon and get a packet of his publication for distribution among sailors.

PROTOPLASM.—The publication of Professor Huxley's views on protoplasm has led to a clever reply to his theory by Mr Joseph Wallace, 20 College Square, East Belfast. We hoped to find space for Mr Wallace's able comments and experiments in these pages, but we are glad that the *Dietetic Reformer* has taken the subject up and presented Mr Wallace's views very fully. This reply appeared originally in the *English Mechanic*. Its publication led to a discussion, but the editor refused to give Mr Wallace the opportunity of replying to his assailants, so that he has to issue a tract with his final arguments and facts. We heartily recommend our readers to get the July number of the *Dietetic Reformer*, price 3d; and if they send to our office for it, we shall gladly insert with it, free of cost, Mr Wallace's pamphlet. The subject is worthy of the consideration of all, as it treats of food, health, disease, and other vital topics.

MISCELLANEA.

H. D. JENCKEN IN SPAIN.—We have just received a letter from Mr Jencken, dated Murcia, July 14th, notifying his continued detention in Spain by business engagements, and his inability, in consequence, to furnish us with his usual interesting contributions. He has been unable as yet to find out spiritualists. "Spain," he says, "is very interesting, full of relicts of a once great people. Since the revolution a new spirit appears to have dawned upon the people; and despite paralysing heat and Moorish blood, Spain will, unless I greatly mistake, raise herself to the level of other civilised countries. I wish I had time to write; the subjects would be full of interest. . . . Amongst others I made the acquaintance of Sig. Castelar, the republican leader, who made the most marvellous delivery in the Cortes on freedom of religious opinions—all but inspired; a fine enthusiastic man; so also some of the ministers. . . . The Regent, on whom I had to call, I found to be a fine, well-meaning man."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS SCIENTIFICALLY POSSIBLE.—The Editor of the *British Journal of Photography* writing on this subject says,—"*Apropos* of the Mumler spirit photographs, a good many absurd things have been said *pro* and *con* on the subject. But a writer in the latter category who asserts that anything that is visible to the eye of the camera, and thus capable of being depicted by photography, must, therefore, necessarily be visible to the human eye, is surely ignorant of that important branch of physics popularly known as florescence. Many things are capable of being photographed which to the physical eye are utterly invisible. Why, for the matter of that, a room may be full of

the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and a photograph might be taken by means of that 'dark light.' Objects in a room so lighted would be plainly visible to the lens of the camera; at any rate, they could be reproduced on the sensitive plate, while, at the same time, not an atom of luminousness could be perceived in the room by any person possessing ordinary human vision. Hence the photographing of an invisible image, whether that image be of a spirit or a lump of matter, is not scientifically impossible. If it reflect only the florescent or ultra-violet spectral rays it will be easily photographed, but it will be quite invisible even to the sharpest eye."

A MEDICINE FOR SORE THROAT.—An enlightened country practitioner reports as follows:—"An intelligent [?] person came to me three days ago for medicine for his throat. I advised the wet compress. He was staggered at the idea. No; he would not use it. I filled a half-pint bottle with *aqua pura*, coloured it, and directed one small teaspoonful to be taken every six hours; also to be used externally, to wet a bandage wherewith to compress the throat. He saw the force of using *medicine* to the throat, so I had no trouble to get him to do this. Well, he came to me this morning, to say his throat was all right, and to thank me for giving him such effective medicine: it was a *very strong medicine*. The "hot-water stupe" is in frequent demand, and is superseding the usual poultices. Courteous reader, ignorance makes medicine a paying game; make yourself acquainted with "Illness, its Cause and Cure," and "Woman's Work in Water-cure," and learn how to pack sore throats, and normally mitigate other ailments free of cost.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.—Dr Poggioli read a paper at a late sitting of the Academy of Medicine on "the physical and intellectual development of youth by electricity." He remarked that De Candolle had quoted experiments to show that vegetation is much richer and quicker in its growth when electrified than otherwise. Seeds subjected to the action of this fluid would yield better produce than others, and in a shorter time. Starting from these data, Dr Poggioli conceived the idea that a similar action might be proved to exist in the animal kingdom, and especially in the case of young subjects. He informed the learned body that in 1853 he had read a paper to the Academy of Sciences, showing that the energy of certain faculties might be shown to be in proportion to the electric development of the regions in which they reside; and he now thought himself in possession of facts which might prove highly interesting in a hygienic, scientific, and even social point of view. He could adduce five instances of children varying between the ages of four and sixteen, and having all attained a remarkable development, both in a physical and an intellectual sense. Among these there was a child which might be considered a phenomenon of deformity and stupidity, and that, under the influence of electricity, grew three centimetres in a single month, and has since been always first instead of last in his class. From this Dr Poggioli concludes that the electric fluid exercises a direct influence over the physical and intellectual development of young subjects; and he proposes that, by way of experiment, the six last pupils of each class be taken in a lyceum or college, and subjected to his electrical treatment.—*Galignani*.